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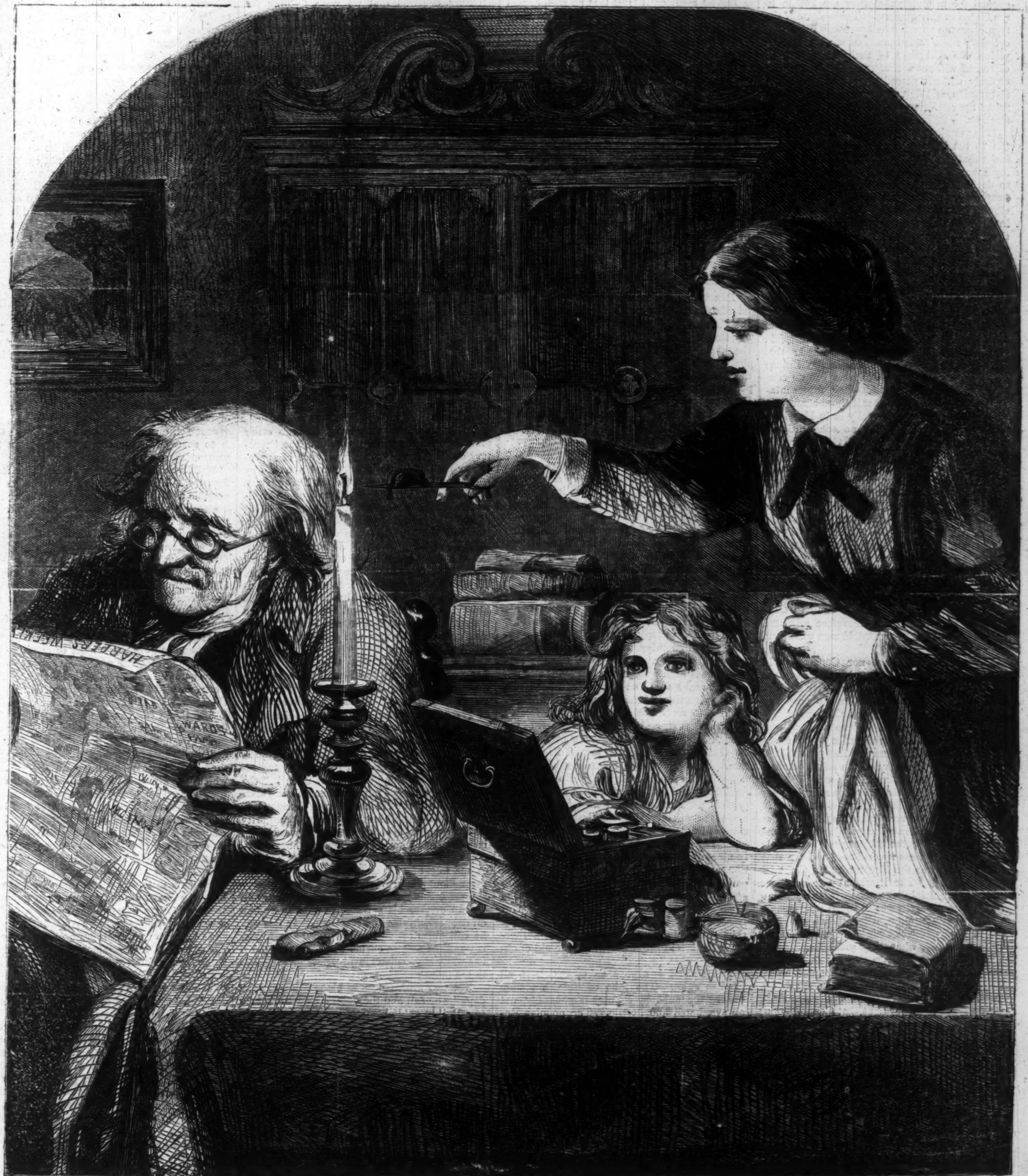


SNUFFING THE CANDLE FOR GRANDPA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 17, 1866.

THE SITUATION.

During the great debate in which the country is now engaged it is well to remember that temperance of tone and a careful regard for truth are always powerful allies. We have lately had signal illustrations of the folly of extravagant statements and personal aspersions; and there can be no more palpable absurdity than that those who stood steadily together against rebellion when rebellion was formidable are now anxious and plotting to surrender the Government to rebels defeated and disgraced. Yet these are charges gravely made against such men as Charles Sumner on the one hand, and Andrew Johnson on the other. Now either or both of these gentlemen may be mistaken in the policy of reorganization which they favor, but there is surely no reasonable ground for believing that they are hostile to the Union or Government. Their views of the true course to pursue may hopelessly differ, but certainly while their intentions are beyond suspicion the difference of their views may be discussed without acrimony. The situation is entirely without precedent, and denunciation, insinuation, and fierce partisanship merely confound the confusion and exasperate honest differences.

It is as unjust to assert that Congress is hostile to the loyal men at the South as it is to insist that the President is anxious to have disloyal men sit in Congress. It is as inaccurate to declare that Congress means to sustain a pauper class of freedmen at the expense of the Government as to argue that the President intends to betray the freedmen defenseless into the hands of those who hate them. It is as untrue to say that the course of Congress violates the Constitution as that the policy of the President overthrows it. The truth lies between all these extremes, as may be seen by looking at the last point we have mentioned. If, for instance, it be alleged, in defense of what is called the President's policy, that the war was to prevent secession; that it was successful; that secession was therefore prevented; that the States are now, as before, in the Union; and that, consequently, Congress has no constitutional right to prohibit their representation—it is no less true that if those States are in the Union they were equally so in May last, and that the President has no constitutional right to appoint a Provisional Governor of a State in the Union. The truth is, that the President acted from the necessity of the case; and that must be the principle of action until reorganization is complete. Then, and not before, the authority which is called the war-power ceases, and the normal habit of the Union is resumed. The argument is by no means ended, as Senators Doolittle and Johnson seem to suppose, when it is proved that the late rebel States are not out of the Union. They were not out of the Union a year ago. Was any representative which South Carolina might have chosen to send to Congress at that time to be therefore admitted without question? No sensible man will affirm such an absurdity.

Neither the President nor Congress hold that the mere fact of laying down arms raised against the Government proves either the loyalty of those who surrender or the propriety of admitting without question the representatives whom they send. Senator Reverdy Johnson himself concurred in the report made to the Senate in February of last year that it was "improper for this body to admit to seats Senators from Louisiana *till, by some joint action of both Houses, there shall be some recognition of an existing State Government acting in harmony with the Government of the United States* and recognizing its authority." All that Congress asks is that the subject shall be investigated and the facts ascertained, and for that sole purpose was the Reconstruction Committee appointed. The President also reaffirms the same principle when he says, in speaking of the late rebel States: "When they comply with the Constitution, when they have given sufficient evidence of their loyalty and that they can be trusted, when they yield obedience to the law, I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be restored." So says the President; so say we all. But here are points to be decided, and by whom? Is it not evident that Congress must decide them for itself before it can admit a single member? The President may for himself be satisfied upon some of these points, and he says in his Veto Message that, in his judgment, "some" of the late rebel States may properly be admitted to representation. But surely neither he nor any other man can expect that his conviction will bind Congress. There was never a subject, indeed, which required more deliberate consideration. The honor of the country pledged to the freedmen; the security of the national debt; the increased representation given by the Emancipation Amendment to the late rebel States; the danger of any risk of assumption of the rebel debt in any form—all require the most thoughtful care in legislation.

But the most truly patriotic men may honestly differ about methods, and if upon any point Congress and the President disagree, the Constitution indicates the course to pursue. He may interpose his veto. If Congress overcomes it by the Constitutional vote, its will becomes a law of the United States which the President is sworn to execute. If his veto prevails, the will of Congress so far fails to become a law. But the President, if he have any regard for the dignity of his office or for the just distribution of powers in this government, will be very wary of declaring that his view of the case shall prevail against that of Congress. The President is but a co-ordinate branch of the Government. He is not the superior of Congress nor of the Supreme Court. He is the executive officer of the laws. Meanwhile his veto of any measure is a deliberate appeal to the country upon the point of difference, and the country will decide the question at the ballot-box.

But we confidently trust that no such appeal will be necessary. The President and Congress have the same end in view. They both desire the resumption by every State of its relations in the Union at the earliest moment consistent with the general peace and security; and if Congress, accepting the facts of the situation, trusts something to time, something to the traditions of the Government, something to the sure laws which, despite passion and prejudice, still control human affairs; and if the President, mindful of the equal dignity and responsibility of Congress, remembers that firmness is not inconsistent with forbearance, nor conviction with conciliation; and if orators and journals reflect that rhetorical fury is always feeble and futile, the great party of loyal men who saved the Union will secure its peaceful perpetuity by mutual moderation and wise concession.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The "loud and general cheers" that greeted Sir George Grey when he announced in the House of Commons on the 16th of February that he should bring in a bill next day for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* in Ireland; the remark of Earl Derby, the Tory leader in the House of Lords, that he would not interpose a moment's delay; the special session of Parliament on the 17th, when the suspension bill was brought in; the assent of Mr. Disraeli, the Opposition leader; Mr. Bright's protest without intention of opposition; and the passage of the bill by a vote of 364 to 6, and the Queen's approval on the same night, show that the British Government is seriously alarmed by the condition of Ireland, and that it means, if possible, to prevent, not to subdue, an insurrection.

The suspension of the great writ is a favorite method of prevention with that Government, and especially in Ireland. This is the seventh time it has been suspended during this century in that country. An act to that effect was in operation in 1800, at the very time of the Union; from 1802 to 1805; from 1807 to 1810; in 1814; from 1822 to 1824; and last in 1848, when the Irish people were arming and organizing and threatening, and were incited to massacre and plunder. In England also the suspension has been frequent. In 1745 the Solicitor-General stated that the act had been suspended nine times since the revolution of 1688. From 1745 until 1794 the law was inviolate; but in that year, amidst the wild turmoil of the French Revolution and the terror of the British Government, Mr. Pitt moved its suspension. Fox, Grey, and Sheridan eloquently resisted. In one of his speeches Fox said that forcible opposition was merely a question of prudence. He declared that the suspension made the will of Ministers the real Government of England, and that it was Magna Charta itself which was to be suspended. Yet thirty-nine members only supported the opposition, and the writ remained continuously suspended for eight years. In 1817 it was again suspended; but for the fifty years since, as the Constitutional historian of England says, "Ministers, animated by a higher spirit of statesmanship, have known how to maintain the authority of the law in England without the aid of abnormal powers."

But Ireland is always an exception to all English rules. The tone of English feeling toward the unhappy country is generally, not always, harsh and hostile. The popular English conception of the island is that of a wretched people in a chronic state of suppressed or latent rebellion. The traditions of wrong and suffering, which would gradually perish in a thriving and intelligent community, are kept forever fresh in one which is ignorant and wretched, whether the wretchedness be the result of local causes or of unequal legislation. The problem of Ireland has never been solved; and Carlyle expressed doubtless a vague English feeling of despair when he suggested that the only solution was the submersion of the island in the sea for twenty-four hours.

Now if the true view of international relations upon the globe were simply the-devil-take-the-hindmost, we might complacently "chaff" England upon her late conduct toward us, and "thank thee, Jew, for teaching" us the word Neutrality. But acutely suffering as we are from the sorrows of civil war, it is impossible not to sympathize with a kindred nation which is menaced by it; and while the British policy in Ireland can not be approved by those who believe that justice is essential to peace, yet if the Fenians or Irish revolutionists propose to invoke the sympathy of the world in an appeal to arms, the world must distinctly know their grievances. A general plea for independence, a general protest against unjust laws, are not sufficient. Discontent with the church establishment and the land-tenure in Ireland are not enough to justify bloodshed, unless it is plain that legal redress has been sought and refused. All the Fenian fury of invective is impotent compared with one plain statement of the leading wrongs which the Government refuses to remedy.

It is true that England did not wait for such a statement from our late rebels before Earl Russell declared that we were fighting for dominion. But if we can find no better example for our conduct than Earl Russell and British neutrality during our war, we shall deserve the scorn which we lavished upon him. Sir George Grey, in moving for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*, said that the Fenian movement was wholly discountenanced by the American Government; and Mr. Labouchere called attention to "the inadequacy of the laws to enable England to fulfill her international obligations toward foreign countries." There is our revenge, and it is a thousandfold sweeter than pettifogging a Fenian *Alabama* out of New York Bay.

We need not fear to trust our principles or our traditions. The hostility with which so much of the world viewed our struggle to maintain free Government will change to admiration of the humane and honorable conduct of such a Government in all its domestic and international relations. If England falls into trouble our duty is to do what England ought to have done during our troubles, not what she did.

THE BEGINNING OF CONTRACTION.

While Congress is disputing about the proper method of inaugurating a policy of contraction, this member declaring that the country will be ruined unless his scheme be adopted, and that member announcing that no other plan than his can save the nation, the Secretary of the Treasury, in the absence of appropriate legislation, is quietly in his own way curtailing the currency. On 1st November, a little over four months ago, the aggregate legal-tender currency was $633,709,611. On 1st March the aggregate legal-tender currency was only $605,984,414; a reduction, in four months, of $27,725,197. It is true that during the same period the volume of national currency was increased more than $30,000,000. But over these issues the Secretary had no control; and as the national banks are compelled to hold in their vaults legal tenders to redeem their notes on presentation, any substantial reduction of the former will quickly compel a recall of the latter.

It will be noted that this reduction of $27,725,197 in the legal-tender currency in the course of 120 days was effected without any "funding loans." By offering $50,000,000 of Five-Twenty bonds in exchange for compound legal tenders, in January or February last, the curtailment might easily have been raised to $77,000,000 instead of $27,000,000 without disturbing trade or industry.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," the Secretary has ample power under existing statutes to curtail the currency—even though Congress should deny him the additional authority he has sought. He can go on quietly exchanging compound legal tenders, Seven-Thirty notes, and other short date obligations for long bonds, at the rate of at least $15,000,000 a month throughout this year, without creating any very serious disturbance in the money market, and he can employ his surplus revenue in paying off debt certificates and call loans. In this way he can curtail the currency perhaps as fast as it would be safe to curtail it, and he can do it in a way which will not involve periodical spasms in the money market.

The two weak points in his position are the deposits on call and the debt certificates. Talk to a Bull in gold about contraction, and he responds triumphantly:

"Contraction, Sir! Impossible! Ridiculous! How can the Secretary contract when he owes $118,000,000 on call after ten days, and $62,000,000 more on debt certificates, maturing on the average within eight months?"

It can not be denied but there is a great deal in this reasoning. So long as Government may be called upon for $118,000,000, on ten days' notice, the Secretary dare not create a tight money market. Such a money market as they have had in London for six weeks would—if established here—have brought the United States Government to the verge of bankruptcy. Every dollar of the temporary deposits would have been called, and it would have taxed the resources of the Government to the utmost to have responded. Surely this is clear enough to dictate the necessity of at once abandoning the seductive but fatal expedient of receiving money on temporary deposit. We have drawn attention more than once of late to the bad policy, in a mere business point of view, of paying interest at the rate of 5 and 6 per cent. per annum on money which lay idle in the Treasury, and was not required by the necessities of Government. But if contraction be fairly adopted as the policy of Government, these temporary deposits will become an element of danger as well as expense. They constitute an impregnable bulwark behind which the banks can defy the Government. So long as they exist Government can no more afford to distress the banks by curtailing the currency than a debtor can distress his creditor by purchasing the latter's paper.

In war time, when the great object of Government was to get money at once in any way, and to postpone the day of payment, debt certificates and temporary deposits were a fair expedient. They answered very well, and more than once helped the Secretary out of grave embarrassments. But now the Government ought not to need to resort to such methods of finance. The revenue is in excess of the expenditure, and Government ought to occupy a position above and beyond the control of local banks or bankers. It is in the power of the Secretary to pay off the bulk of the temporary deposits, and to reduce the debt certificates to a small figure. Until he does so all the legislation in the world will not enable him to curtail the currency, because the parties to be injured by such curtailment will till then hold a call on him for currency to which he can not respond. After he has done so he will be in a position, without further legislation, to curtail the currency about as fast as it ought to be curtailed.

REMEDIES AGAINST FIRE.

The complete destruction by fire in the daytime of Dr. Tyng's Church and of the Assembly Rooms in Broadway, notwithstanding the best efforts of the Fire Department, and without any want of water, lead us to consider what it is in the construction of our buildings which exposes them to such certain destruction. The question involves not only the interests of owners and Fire Insurance Companies, but the safety of occupants and the contribution which the generation on the stage makes to the one that is to succeed in the shape of permanent improvements.

Buildings in the Old World are made to stand for ages. Their destruction by fire is as impossible as it is to save houses from being thus destroyed which are built on the American plan. A traveler walking the streets of Florence and Rome is not a little astonished at the preservation of the palace built by the Medici family about the year 1300, and of the Pantheon built for Pagan worship or some other purpose before the Christian era. St. Peter's, which has stood about three hundred years, is safe from destruction by fire, or indeed by any means short of an earthquake.

Although these specimens of architecture have been so long the subject of examination, and although the fire of 1835 swept over above sixty acres of the most valuable part of New York, we still build on the plan of Dr. Tyng's Church and of the Assembly Rooms, which in a few hours became a mass of ruins. The feature about our houses which most exposes them to rapid and certain destruction by fire is the presence of lath and plaster throughout their interior, constituting with the joists on which lath are nailed a complete wooden structure incased in walls of masonry. The succession of wooden chimneys leading from cellar to roof thus formed, and of well-devised drafts or passages leading to them between the beams on each floor, constitute a perfect contrivance for the steady and rapid progress of fire, secure from streams of water aimed from without. Architects must know this difficulty full well, but yet either from the eagerness of owners to have cheap structures and large rents, or from the wish of architects to be constantly engaged in the work of rebuilding, no proper remedies are provided, and reliance must probably be placed on Legislative means to correct the fatal effects of their joint cupidity.

If those who are engaged in the business of insurance were equal to the necessities of their vocation, the great fire of 1835 would not have been without some value as a warning against a pernicious mode of building. A few buildings, it is true, have since been constructed which are proof against fire. Among these are the Merchants' Exchange, the offices on the southeast corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, the structure for brokers in Broad Street, and more recently the elegant house of Mr. Stewart in the Fifth Avenue. But take the mass of houses and churches built since 1835, and they all possess the same vice which exposed the city to a fire extending over sixty acres of valuable property. The loss on that occasion occurred before the introduction of the Croton;

but it was due to the prevalence of extreme cold and a high wind, which made it difficult to subdue with water a fire which suddenly became extensive among houses favorably constructed for its ravages.

Take any ordinary corner house as an example of this peculiarity of structure. The walls—front, rear, and sides—are of brick, the front faced with stone. This is well enough. Behind the front and rear walls a series of joists about a foot back extend from cellar to garret. On these are nailed laths, and all the wood-work of inside shutters and a deep base. The open space, about a foot deep, forms a perfect draft or chimney of wood completely dried. The exterior side on the street is similarly constructed, except that the strips to which lath are nailed are inferior in depth to the ordinary joist, but there is nevertheless an open space extending also from cellar to garret between the plaster and the external side wall into which the openings between the beams are conducted, thus extending the draft or chimney under every portion of the floor. In addition to all this staircases are universally built of wood, with the disadvantage, in case of fire, of a well protected open space between the treads and risers and the lath and plaster, which latter constitutes the finish at the back of the stairway. Although many houses have an inside wall along the main hall, yet more generally this and all other or most other partitions are made of joists resting on beams or on each other, covered on each side with lath and plaster, and constituting a further means of conducting the fire rapidly to each floor and to the roof of the building. The wonder is not so much that such structures are completely gutted—such is the well known phrase—but that they are ever saved from this result if fire ensue.

The interior ornamentation of Dr. Tyng's elegant church consisted mainly of lath and plaster from floor to roof, constructed on an infinity of wood formed to represent solid work, but as ready for the flames as any thing which ingenuity could devise. This building and the Assembly Rooms, in open day, defied the skill and unremitted exertions of firemen. We can scarcely expect that the care and expense devoted by pagans to the Pantheon for the safety of their house of worship, or by the Catholics in the time of Michael Angelo in the construction of St. Peter's, will be displayed in our structures, but we can easily show that a very slight attention to details in building will prevent such complete destruction, and that without much expense beyond what is usually borne.

In lieu of the system of joists and lath and plaster in the front and rear of ordinary houses it would cost but little more to construct a brick wall separated a few inches from the front and rear wall, to receive the plaster, and to have nailed to it the wood-work of inside shutters. The plaster would of course be perfectly dry. Houses in the interior of blocks would by this simple precaution be much more safe, solid, warm, and durable than are the usual structures, and there would be no loss of room. The outside and inside wall would not need to be tied to each other, but an occasional tie of iron or copper sloping downward from the internal to the external wall would convey any drip from the latter away from the interior, if a tie were supposed necessary, which we are sure it is not. We have closed the open space between these walls at the place where the work for shutters is affixed by a strip of tin, to exclude vermin from this retreat, which, when joists are used, constitutes the place in which they are secure from attack, and where they safely breed—rats, mice, and cockroaches. If, in addition to this, the interior walls were of brick and the main hall were of solid material, with a metal or stone stair-case rising to the second floor, such houses could be inhabited with safety from fire, and with the certainty, at all events, that no extraordinary efforts would be necessary to prevent any but a partial destruction of the building. A cheap class of tenement houses with narrow halls might have flagging in the halls from the partition wall to the external wall on every floor, and an iron staircase to give certain means of exit in case of fire. Such an assurance of safety would enable occupants to take means themselves to put out a fire which could generally be done with ease.

The interior of churches must be constructed on a plan wholly different from that which prevails, or their pastors must share in the anguish of the venerable Dr. Tyng, who, at a period of his life when he most required a secure roof for the worship in which he delights to engage, finds that his efforts to this end have been completely frustrated by the sacrifice made to appearances in the church which his congregation erected. Grand arches made of the flimsy material generally used must be dispensed with if we wish to make certain provision against the carelessness of a workman handling fire. Caen stone, such as we import from France, makes an elegant finish for the interior of churches; but an interior wall of brick, constituting with the exterior a double wall, would be less expensive, the interior wall to be plastered and painted. Where columns are necessary, iron may be used with advantage. It would be well also, in important structures, to have iron rafters and iron lath, but perforated tin or galvanized iron may be used instead of wooden lath. In forming the interior arches galvanized iron may be used with benefit and pressed into whatever shape may be required.

So far as concerns houses built for occupation, the legislation of the State is defective in omitting proper provision for security against fire; and we hope to see such laws passed as may enable the present generation to transmit its industry in the shape of houses to its successors, as a substantial contribution to the wealth of the country. A Commission appointed by the Legislature to examine experts would afford the means for accurate and efficient legislation at the next session.

FOREIGN PROSPECTS.

The Austrian Archduke Maximilian still remains in Mexico in his capacity of titular Emperor of that country, and Louis Napoleon has not yet begun to embark his troops for France. Marshal Forey declares in the French Chambers that "the great idea" of the Mexican expedition can not be fulfilled without more French soldiers, and a minister of Napoleon's rises hastily and says that the Marshal speaks for himself as the Emperor has already spoken for himself. Meanwhile the Juarez Government of Mexico is both nomadic and shadowy, and—to use a droll expression of the prize-ring or the bar, we forget which—seldom puts in an appearance. This country continues placid, and satisfies itself with keeping an eye upon Louis Napoleon, and smiling at the Captain Bobodil statesmanship that would peremptorily order France out of Mexico. Mr. Conway, a trenchant American writer, now living in London, excites John Bull by arguing that, if we go to war by way of healing our domestic alienations, it will undoubtedly be a war to settle the *Alabama* claims, *et cetera;* while Mr. Matthew Arnold, an accomplished and brilliant Englishman, does not reassure his countrymen by declaring that Lord Palmerston leaves Great Britain behind France and the United States in the estimation of the world.

It is very clear that none of the Great Powers wish to go to war. If France would fight for Mexico, she sees the United States, the Monroe Doctrine, three thousand miles of ocean, and a native population, all sitting like lions in the path. If England would haughtily decline to look at the little Yankee bill for the *Alabama*, she sees Ireland seething with discontent, and watchful France ready to turn all chances to account. If the United States would insist upon an *Alabama* settlement or a departure from Mexico, she sees her own military hand still stretched over a large part of her own domain, and a debt which she can not wisely increase. We believe, therefore, that all these questions will be peaceably adjusted; but we are quite sure they would be adjusted much more rapidly were our own position a little more harmonious. England will disregard the little bill, France will be more reticent than ever, when they hear the President and Congress of the United States mutually denouncing and defying each other.

We must not be surprised if the remarkable prestige with which the event of the war invested us is diminished in the eyes of the world by our political discords. If the Union party had moved steadily and unitedly forward to the full reorganization of the Government the amazement and admiration of other nations would have been indescribable, and the triumph of the American system would have been complete. The foreign Thomas always shook his head dolefully and bade us beware of the perils after the war. But they were not unforeseen by us, and our doubting critic may be very sure that the same intelligent persistence which finished the war will establish peace. He may remember that he was signally wrong in his calculations of the rebellion, and he will be no less so in his theories of the practicability of adjustment. The force of our system is shown quite as much by its capacity to bear undisturbed the strain of extreme opinions and hot differences as by its rapidity of adaptation to new circumstances. The war was truly effective because it did not end at Bull Run. The peace will be permanent and secure because it will spring from wise deliberation.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

The spring is here and the cholera is in the West Indies. Up to the 1st of January there had been eleven hundred deaths from cholera in Guadeloupe. The pestilence had decreased there, but had appeared at Dominica; nor is there any reason to doubt that it will presently appear among us. Meanwhile an efficient Board of Health has been created, and is now organized and at work. We trust that that work may be relentlessly thorough; and that the owners of the tenement houses which are the hot-beds of disease and vice in this city may be rigidly compelled, as the law allows, to cleanse these disgraceful dens.

The usual method of arranging a tenement house in New York is as follows: Upon an ordinary lot of 25 by 100 feet, a front house 25 by 50 is built, and a rear house 25 by 25. There is a court between, 25 by 25 feet, containing hydrant, cess-pool, and privy. The houses are generally five and often six stories in height above the basement. The principal rooms, four upon each floor, occupy the width of the building, with small bedrooms between, one to each main room. Thus in a six-story building there are usually twenty-four families; each averaging five members and often more, as there are generally other lodgers. Each person has thus a little more than ten square feet of ground area, and 480 cubic feet of air space in the whole house. In the main rooms the air space is 317 cubic feet, and in the dormitories 89 feet to each person. This is stated by the careful sanitary report of the Citizens' Association as the average, but often the crowding far exceeds this. Light and air are well excluded. Garbage and slops of every kind are thrown into the street, tainting the atmosphere of the whole region, while the privies are filthy beyond description. The condition of the wretched people who inhabit these places is unspeakable, and it is among them that cholera runs riot. In the last great visitation of 1832 the great bulk of deaths was in quarters like those now filled with tenement houses. But the pestilence was not confined to them. Cholera in Greenwich or West streets is death in the Fifth Avenue, for when once it has taken hold of a city it is no respecter of persons.

The work before the new Health Board is enormous, but there is no reason to doubt that it will be well done. Mr. Schultz, the President, is a gentleman noted for his energy and administrative skill. His medical associates are gentlemen of the highest professional distinction and personal character; and the Police Commission can at once bring their extensive and detailed knowledge of the city to the most efficient use. The responsibility of the new Board is very great. The City and the State will require rich results from them; but whatever a Health Board can do for a city like New York we are very confident this Board will do.

A COPPERHEAD HISS.

The Chicago *Times*, one of the most conspicuous "Democratic" journals in the country, suggests that it is the duty of the President to command the arrest of Messrs. Sumner, Stevens, and Phillips; and if Congress does not immediately obey the President, it is also his duty to turn the Senate and House out of the capital at the point of the bayonet.

This is a plain proposition that the President of the United States should arrest, during a Congressional discussion, those members who do not agree with his views. It is not a new thing. A little more than two hundred years ago Charles I., King of England, did exactly what the Chicago *Times* urges the President to do. He went to the House of Commons and ordered the arrest of five members. It was in consequence of this violent assault upon the fundamental law of the realm, and not as Mr. Thaddeus Stevens foolishly said, because of the expression of an opinion, that Charles lost his head.

An act which was so intolerable in the English monarchy under the Stuart kings more than two centuries ago that it plunged the kingdom into civil war, is now gravely recommended to an American President by a chief "Democratic" newspaper. Of course we do not assume that all "Democrats" are responsible for such folly, although Garrett Davis makes a kindred proposition in the Senate of the United States. But it is instructive to observe the spirit of those who are most clamorous that the late rebels shall be at once restored and without conditions.

The Chicago *Times* was a steadfast and unscrupulous supporter of the rebellion; and as Jefferson Davis failed to overthrow the Government, it is naturally very willing to see any body else undertake the work. The rebel shots upon the field and the tortures inflicted at Andersonville were constitutional resistance to coercion, thinks the Chicago *Times;* but the expression of opinion that loyal men should administer the Government it holds to be "Northern rebellion." We greatly misunderstand President Johnson if he does not entirely agree with General Grant's expressed opinion, that such a paper as the Chicago *Times* is one of the chief hindrances of peaceful reorganization of the Union.

GOOD INVESTMENTS.

At a time when the price of all kinds of property is declining, and investors are puzzled to know what to do with their money, it may not be out of place to draw attention to two classes of bonds offered for sale, in another column, by the bankers Fisk & Hatch. These are, first, the new Thirty Year Six per cent bonds of the United States Government, issued to aid the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad; and, second, the Central Pacific Railroad Company's Sevens, interest guaranteed by the State of California. The former are the longest Six per cent. bond yet issued by the General Government; and if, as seems probable, the rate of interest on the public debt be reduced to 4 or 5 per cent. when the Five-Twenties mature, these new Sixes, with the Sixes of 1881, will then command as large a premium as the like security did before the war, when Government bought them up @ 116. It may well be questioned whether, in the event of the continued improvement in the public debt, Government can afford to issue many more such bonds.

The Pacific Railroad Sevens are an equally eligible investment. From the last estimates, it seems pretty certain that the Railroad Company will be able to pay the coupons without difficulty. Should its traffic, however, fall so far below present calculations as to leave a deficit, the State of California is bound to supply the money required to meet the interest on these bonds. The interest on them is payable semi-annually in gold; so that, at the present rate of gold, they are almost a ten per cent. bond, guaranteed by one of the most solvent and honorable States in the Union.

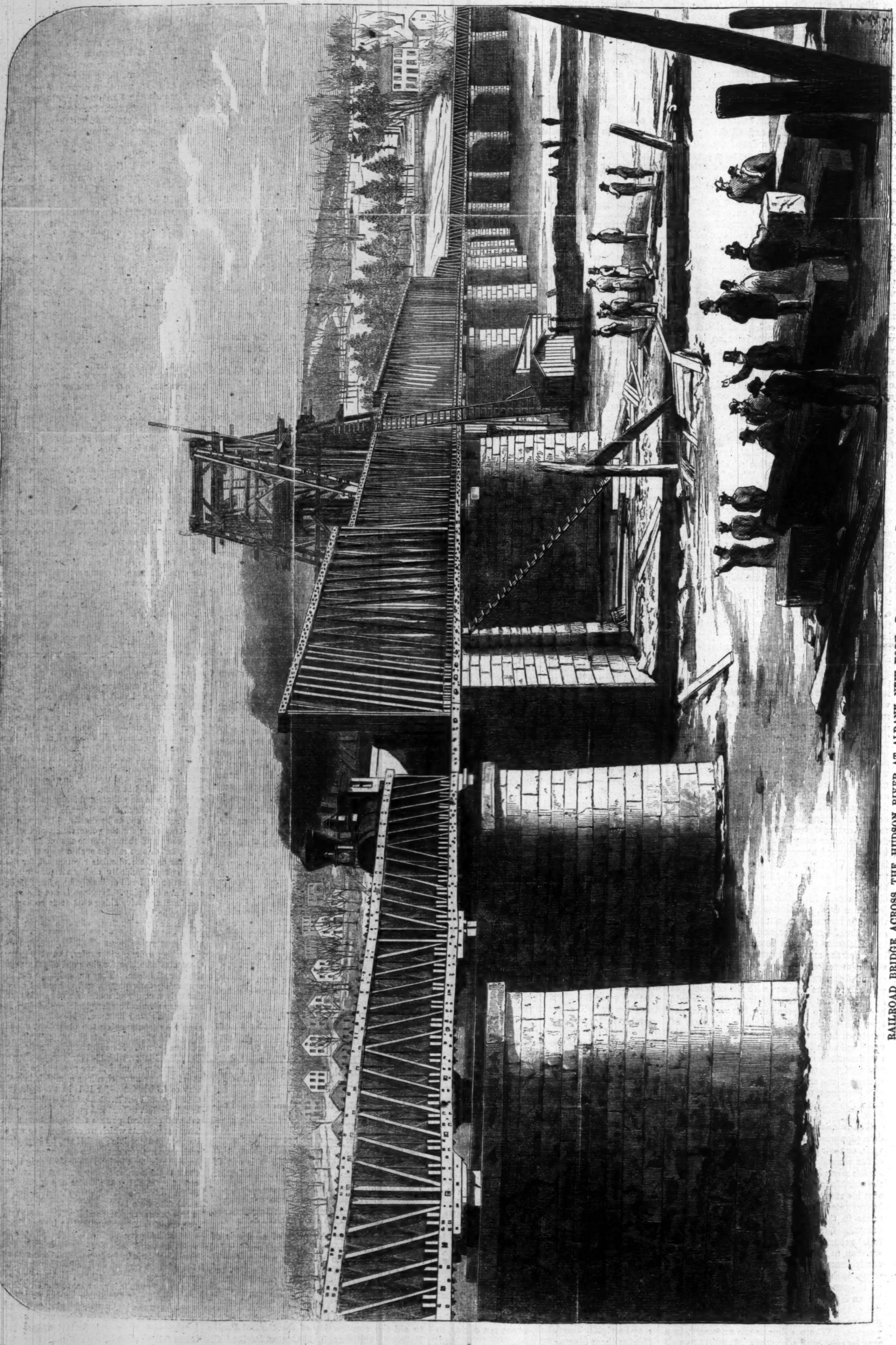
TAKING CARE OF THE HEALTH.

There is an abundance of painstaking on the part of the sick to recover health, but a strange indifference in those who are well to the means of its preservation. We see this contrast strongly marked in relation to consumption, a disease which occasions about one-sixth of all the deaths in the northern portion of this country. In restraining its ravages immeasurably more can be done by means of prevention than by those of cure. And yet, not merely in the community taken as a whole, but among the intelligent and those who may be deemed decidedly prudent in most matters, very little heed is given to what is said of the causes of this malady for the purpose of escaping them, and the public attention is largely occupied with the delusions of consumption-curers. The same contrast may be seen in regard to other diseases, though in most cases it is not so palpable, because the action of the means of prevention is not so obvious.

Now, with all the manifest liability to loss of health from the endlessly varied causes of disease, the expectation would seem a rational one that there would be, at least with all sober and thinking men, earnest and constant inquiry as to the safeguards against this liability. Why is it not so? The chief reason probably is, that with the consciousness of vigor and buoyancy of spirits that attend health there is engendered a feeling of individual security. With this comes in the pressure of present business or gratification. Men are too busy in the pursuit of the objects before them to pause at all for the consideration of the laws of health. They press on, transgressing these laws more or less, till sickness arrests them, and with its present necessities compels them reluctantly to attend to the cure of what might have been prevented by seasonable care. There is still another reason. It is the influence of the fact, so commonly observed, that those who write and talk about hygiene are apt to be impracticable ultraists, and their disciples are therefore mostly those who are weak-minded, or are prone to catch up notions and theories, in place of seeking for well-established facts. Such painstaking as is enjoined by some writers and lecturers on health is really so irrational as to degrade the subject, and therefore it is apt to be dismissed from the mind. The true rules for the preservation of health not only commend themselves to reason and common sense, but do not call for such a busy round of appliances as these ultraists recommend, for the human system decidedly resists all provocatives to aberration, and will ordinarily keep itself right if it can have fair play. Hygiene is not the cumbersome and repulsive thing that it is so commonly made to be.

It is not merely those who live for the present alone, and are governed by worldly and selfish motives, that are guilty of sacrificing health by daily inattention to its obvious rules, but very generally those also who live for the good of others and for the eternal future. They are culpably careless in overtaxing their powers, and either end very prematurely a career of usefulness or mar it with unnecessary physical burdens and disquietudes. Hugh Miller is a signal instance. He destroyed his life simply by transgressing the plain hygienic principles which should regulate the use of the brain and nervous system. If he had been content to perform less mental labor, with his sturdy frame what a long life of service he might have rendered to his fellow-men! Many a conscientious man fails in a similar way to do his duty—for it is in the light of duty that we would put it. There is a real transgression in this neglect to husband properly the linked mental and physical powers that God has given us. These are talents which we are bound to use in the best manner possible; and if we, by imprudent exercise, wear them out faster than we ought we are accountable for the loss. We do wrong if we tax them to the utmost to-day without regard to their capability of doing the duties of to-morrow. We ought to have an intelligent plan of action which shall take time into the account; and to do otherwise—to use our powers without due regard to their preservation—is as irrational as it would be for a mechanic to put a machine to such rapidity of movement as would soon derange it, or even break it down. "It is better to wear out than rust out" is the common proverb used in justification of the error that we have indicated. But surely in escaping an extreme it is not wise to run into the opposite one. The intellectual man has no more right to overtax the brain than the glutton has to overtax the stomach.

This subject is most important, and we shall offer some further plain hints upon it.



RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL & DENNISON, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

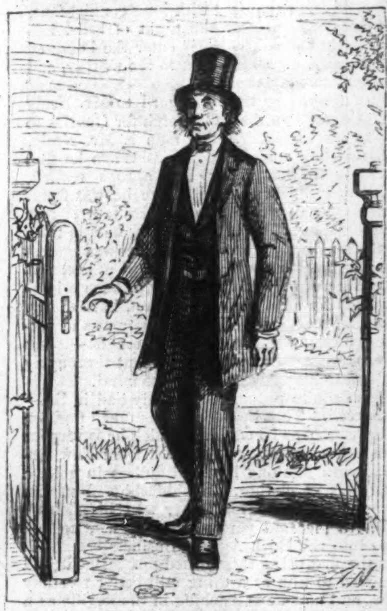
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



MR. NEELY.

CHAPTER X.

It is late one afternoon, a few weeks after this, that Edward Arthur, seated in his little room there in Mrs. Bowles's front yard, hears the front gate open and shut, and sees through his window Mr. Neely walking toward the house. In that one glance he sees that Mr. Neely is carefully dressed in his very best; sees all that Mr. Neely has come for; knows almost every syllable of all that Mr. Neely is going to say; sees and knows all this with a sudden glow which tingles him from head to heel—a glow followed by as sudden a chill. We must endeavor to excuse the young minister, the fact being that he has lain wide awake all the previous night on account of the bells.

On account of the bells! At nine o'clock exactly the night before, Bill Perkins, the stage-driver, had driven up to the door of the hotel. Long before he could rein in his horses a dozen voices from the crowd, which now awaits his every arrival in the ample porch of the hotel, hails him—"Any news, Bill? What's the news?"

Bill Perkins is aware of his importance, and is silent and even dignified accordingly. No man there so calm as he, though his team is all in a foam, and he an hour earlier than usual on account of the news which burns in his bosom. Their classic reading being extremely limited, the series of stage-drivers of which Bill Perkins is one are not aware of the fact that they strongly resemble the runners in that one of the old Olympic Games in which each one bears at full speed, and transmits in full blaze to the one next beyond him, a lighted torch. During the last hundred hours or so, each driver on the line, catching the news, with the reins and whip, from the one before, has borne it on like a torch indeed, setting aflame with the great and glorious tidings all the country as he drives along. Perhaps it is on account of its being transmitted so far, and from hand to hand so often, that the torch blazes larger and brighter for every mile it is borne over, as with the very rapidity of its transmission.

"The news! What is the news?" says Bill Perkins, at last, very slowly, and with considerable irritation in his manner. "Ask me if there's any news! I guess there *is* news!" And Bill Perkins is thereupon silent, enjoying the dependence of the assembled crowd, and all Somerville behind it, upon his single tongue. Here is the possession of power, and, like all of us, he greatly enjoys it. The moment his news is spoken he vanishes from public attention, and he knows it.

"I tell you what it is, you Jake," he says to the negro hostler, amidst the breathless attention of the crowd, "you'd better have them horses a little cleaner when I come to leave to-morrow than they were last time; better had, or I'll Jake you till your very wool 'll come out o' curl! No, they *ain't* any passengers. What *are* you unbuckling them straps for? Think I kerry trunks about behind jest fur the fun o' the thing? Gentlemen, *do* shet up till I kin—News? I rather guess there *is* news! Great battle at Corinth! Glorious victory! Yankees whipped all to smash! Beauregard's taken prisoners all he hasn't killed, an' that's fifty thousand! Battalions, gun-boats, brigades, all keptured! Sydney Johnson killed, only that's known to be a lie. But get out o' the way, gentlemen, I must drive to the Post-office. Can't you wait till the mail is open and get your papers?"

And having keenly enjoyed his momentary importance, Bill Perkins subsides, as he drives off, into private life till the next time.

But the news! It is to the crowd like fire to powder. Such a brightening of faces, such a shaking of hands, such a chorus of yells! People hurry off to their homes to tell it to their waiting families. Men who live in the country can not wait till the mail is opened, but mount their horses, tied hard by, and gallop off at the risk of their necks through the darkness to tell the news at home, then to gallop back again for their papers. Lamum only stops to say, "The bells, boys, the bells! Every bell in Somerville!" and is in the Post-office and his hand in the mail-bag almost before the Postmaster can unlock and draw out the chain through the iron loops thereof.

It is a little strange about Dr. Peel. Up to the arrival of the stage he had been one of the foremost, and certainly the loudest, of the crowd at the hotel awaiting the stage. No man so confident as he that, "Mark my word, gentlemen, there'll be great news to-night;" consigning his soul most emphatically to perdition if his prophecy is not correct. But Dr. Peel has made many a similar prophecy similarly emphasized before; in fact, he never ceases from prophecies to the same effect all day long and all over Somerville, so that people have come to attach not so much meaning to his words as they used to do. It is strange, then, that he is not among the foremost in pressing around Bill Perkins when Bill first drives up. Nobody notices him when Bill has first announced the great news. They would have been surprised at the singular pallor of his face as he stands a little back in the shadow cast by the large lamp hanging in front of the hotel from one of the pillars of the porch.

Nobody notices him in the wild excitement of the hour; but he is silent, has ceased even from cursing, is suddenly shrunken from his burly prominence, ague-struck, dumb. It is not for long, however. Ten minutes later, and Dr. Peel's lumbering form and heavy black brow and exultant profanity is foremost as usual. He can hardly make his voice heard, for three citizens are ringing at the tavern bell, while Joe Staples, the hotel keeper's little boy, is beating the gong, relieved in turns by such of his companions, specially favored thereby, as are not engaged in firing their revolvers and ringing the church bells.

"Gentlemen," he roars, with stentorian oaths, slapping down a twenty-dollar gold piece on the hotel counter as he does so, "there's twenty dollars toward powder to celebrate this glorious news; and there's another ten toward liquor for all who will help me drink success to Beauregard and perdition to the Yankees!"

But there must have been a good deal more than twenty dollars' worth of powder fired off that night from the two cannon, the four anvils, and the innumerable rifles and revolvers in Somerville. As to ten, it was rather many hundreds that went that night across the counters of every grocery in Somerville for liquor; the bells scattering the news meanwhile over all the country for miles around.

All night Lamum is busy in his office reading the papers, writing editorials, answering questions to the crowd pouring through it like a thoroughfare, all flushed and noisy but he. With stooped shoulders, face beaked like a kite, and thin, sharp voice, he is the acknowledged intellect and oracle of the hour, ruling by his very paleness, confidence, and coolness. There is a tone of asperity even in the manner in which he alludes, from time to time, to the excitement of the hour. "Acting as if you did not *know* who would whip!" he says. No outward sign thereof; but, ah, how keenly he enjoys the hour! Sweeter taste of bliss this man will never know so long as his soul endures.

All night long people came galloping in on horseback from the country. The dispatches are read over and over again at every bar in town; beside the hotel lamp in front of the hotel; by fathers at home in shirt and drawers to the mothers in night-gowns, and the children starting up from cradle and trundle-bed, wondering and crying. All night neighbors are hurrying into each other's houses to talk it all over; and so, from where the news smote, like a stone in the centre of a lake, there at the hotel door, the waves roll and spread until they die off into all the country around miles away. There has been a slight misunderstanding between Captain Simmons and Bob Withers at a grocery, however.

"What I say is, by George, I want to see all this news confirmed first! Suppose it shouldn't be *true*, by George!" is what Bob Withers has remarked over and over again as he holds on to an awning post in front of a blazing bonfire.

"Look here, Bob Withers: I tell you, Sir, you mustn't say that; you oughtn't to say that," Captain Simmons has remarked, as drunk as Withers, but only the stiffer in attitude, and the more quarrelsome on that account.

"Confirmed, gentlemen, that's what I say; confirmed is what I want this news to be first. Yes, by George, *confirmed!*" hiccups Bob Withers, regardless of the Captain.

"Any man, such a glorious night as this, who can refuse to believe news, *such* news, is a traitor!" says Captain Simmons, still more sternly. Unlike poor Bob Withers, the Captain prides himself upon being a gentleman in the genteel sense of the word. Were not his parents highly respectable people, members of the church, specially careful in his training? Hence it is the Captain never dresses except in black, even in summer. As to Bob Withers, the drunker he gets the lower he descends. The drunker Captain Simmons is, only that much higher he ascends. When sober, which is becoming a very rare thing with the Captain, he is but a common sort of person; but as he waxes intoxicated his reminiscences of parents, and church, and Bible-class, and college, and the term he served in the Legislature, and all his past respectability in general, become more and more vivid. It is when at his deepest possible stage of drunkenness that the Captain is in bearing and language the very Chesterfield of Somerville. He now stands regarding Bob Withers with lofty indignation.

"Confirmed, gentlemen!" exclaims Bob, still more loudly, more dogged in his insane notion, blinking gravely with owlish eyes upon the crowd, "that's what *I* want, by George!"

"This most disreputable individual is a traitor, gentlemen," says Captain Simmons, slowly and solemnly; "a Yankee at heart, an Abolitionist in disguise. By sainted parents I was carefully instructed never to fight, never even to associate with drunken squabblers. This case must be made an exception. He is inebriated, I know, but even his pitiable condition shall be no protection." And the Captain, lifting his cane and advancing upon him, is prevented only by the crowd from inflicting merited chastisement.

But Colonel Ret Roberts is at this juncture dragged out of Lamum's office, after having been called for in vain for the last three hours. Dr. Peel has opened a basket of Champagne, and Colonel Ret Roberts is very drunk by this time, though Dr. Peel and Lamum are not. But zealous friends stand close around the hogshead upon which the Senator totters to catch him when he falls.

Oh, divine gift of eloquence!—given not to one man in multitudes, and not by one man in thousands to whom it is given used but for the basest of purposes. People have heard Colonel Ret Roberts before; no wonder, as the news spreads that he is speaking, all groups break up from hotel, grocery, bonfire, street corner, and hurry toward the spot. In a little while hundreds of excited faces show around him through the half light, half shadow of torch and bonfire as he speaks. The frantic applause as he steadies himself to begin drowns even the sounds of scattering shots and the pealings of the church bells, intoxicated with their own clamor.

The bells! As the suggestion had broken from Lamum's lips boys and men had raced off toward every church in Somerville. True, the doors of each church were locked. But what difference did that make? The news, the great news, the glorious news! Sashes were smashed in, doors burst open, the very churches made to take—alas! and not in that way alone during these days—the noisiest, rowdiest part in the jubilee. And it is of no use stopping up the access to the bell-ropes afterward. During all these days they hang within open and easy reach to the hand of whosoever chooses to pull.

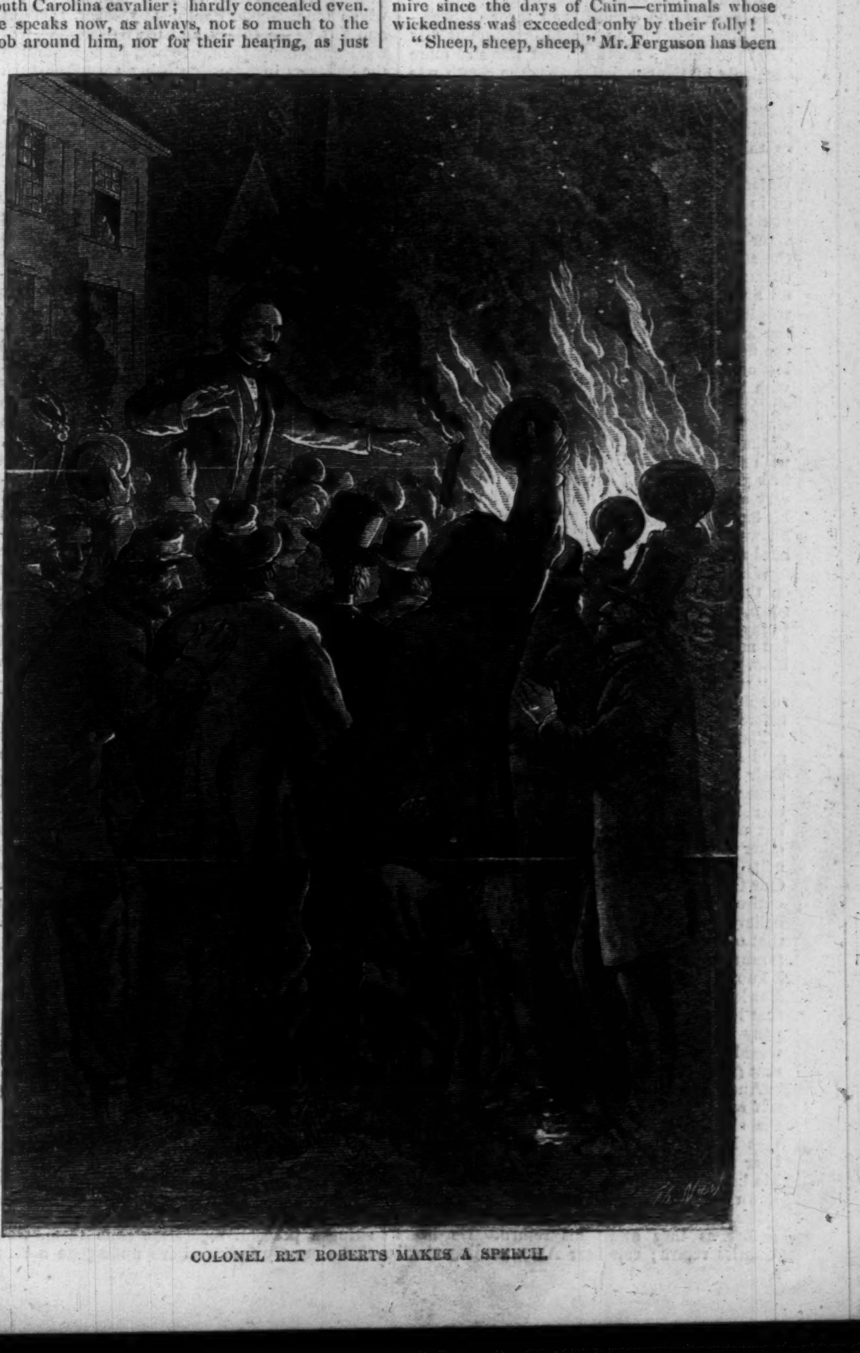
But the voice of Colonel Ret Roberts rises clear and strong and fascinating above every other sound. Falsehood, fact, fierce invective, anecdote, prophecy, appeal—how smoothly they flow from his lips! No belted earl in Europe has so supreme a contempt for the people as has this South Carolina cavalier; hardly concealed even. He speaks now, as always, not so much to the mob around him, nor for their hearing, as just because he thereby gratifies himself. He speaks as naturally and as necessarily as a river pours its water, or as a mocking-bird sings.

And how they applaud! Men stand there yelling with laughter at his jokes whose daily business is utterly ruined by what Colonel Ret Roberts and his set have brought to pass. Colonel Juggins has ridden in by this time, summoned through the night and the mud by the bells and the cannon. How cordially he agrees in the speaker's bitter descriptions of the Abolitionists, not even dissenting at the exciting instant to the horrible oaths with which it is peppered! Colonel Juggins with his plantation swarming with negroes, and so ignorant of the fact that it is just that speaker there before him who, aided by his like, have secured the speedy emancipation of every negro he owns! Abolitionist! For practical abolitionism Wilberforce, Clarkson, Burdett, Beecher, Garrison, Brown, and all the rest, with all their meetings, petitions to Parliament and Congress, speeches, books, papers, pikes, and torches, are, in comparison with Colonel Ret Roberts and his class, but as the jury to the executioner. And not a man in that excited crowd dreams of it!

There is Sampson, the carpenter, listening with both ears, never wincing even when the Colonel culminates his denunciation of the Federal army as being composed of "base mechanics!" Staples, the hotel keeper, has left his hotel to take care of itself while he can hear Roberts. How he exults in the demoralization of the North, its speedy bankruptcy and ruin, as prophesied by the speaker; so ignorant that, of his three boys turned by the Colonel and his set from thriving citizens into soldiers, one lies at that moment dead at Shiloh, another is to suffer amputation, and consequent death, to-morrow at Corinth, while George, the last but one, is to be returned at the end of the war a drunken loafer until his death. Yes, there stands Staples, his hat left behind in his hurry, his red and enormous crop of hair on head and face full one-fourth of the man it seems, for Staples is but a small man, and was once a tailor; disheveled and bristling and electric with the glorious news in every fibre, with eyes sparkling through it like those of a ferret, mouth agape, hands ecstatic, how he listens and laughs and applauds, more of a lunatic than sane to-night!

In the name of God's eternal justice, if Benedict Arnold deserved death for attempting to betray and ruin his country, what do Colonel Ret Roberts and his gang deserve—deserve at the hands of the South, who have so terribly succeeded therein? Let them escape the gallows, unhung as traitors, none the less will they swing forever in the chains of history as the greatest criminals that ever blundered through blood and mire since the days of Cain—criminals whose wickedness was exceeded only by their folly!

"Sheep, sheep, sheep," Mr. Ferguson has been



COLONEL RET ROBERTS MAKES A SPEECH.

murmuring to himself all night; "and herded here and herded there, as sheep always are, by smart dogs," adds Mr. Ferguson to himself, from recollections of his native hills and glens. As to believing in the news of the night, not exactly. Mr. Ferguson disbelieved it in advance when he first heard, that night, the rattle of the approaching stage. He disbelieved it still more strongly when he heard the uproar which followed its announcement. Truth is, by this time Mr. Ferguson and Somerville occupy in regard to each other opposite ends of an ever-moving plank, like children playing see-saw. When Somerville goes down in heart up goes the Scotchman, never so cheerful as when his friends and fellow-citizens are gloomiest. To-night Somerville revels in the ascendant over Yankees and universe, but very low in spirits is the Scotchman, indignant all the time at himself for being so, the news being, whatever it is, so absurd! Not that he went down from his room to ascertain its nature; being all a lie, why should he?

There was one satisfaction in it—he would have another flaming sheet to add to his collection. Beginning with the summer of the burnings, he already had a large one. Not a placard posted on the walls of Somerville from the first in relation to the matter, not a notice of thanksgiving for victory, not a sermon upon the war preached by minister or bishop, not a document of the kind had so far come within his reach but he had seized upon and placed it, in its due order, upon file.

If any man tried desperately to sleep that night Mr. Ferguson did, but Mr. Ferguson did not succeed, the bells were too strong even for him.

As to the Union people in general, you saw few of them on the streets that night. Doctor Warner went to the office for his paper—but that is no rule. Mrs. Warner made him go. She read the paper on his return, sitting up in bed in her night-cap, the Doctor holding the candle, and enduring in his own person, from his wife, the whole Federal defeat of Shiloh over again. There were others of the Union people who glided swiftly and stealthily into the office, obtained their papers, and studied them on their return home—gathering far less cause for the pealing bells and the reports of cannon and guns than others found. It is astonishing, it is perfectly amazing, they should find so much to exult in! they said to themselves—and, in strict confidence, to each other next day of the people of Somerville; yet they themselves were far, very far, from being as cheerful under all the circumstances as, according to their own views of the tidings, they should have been.

In Somerville, as in every town on earth, there existed what may be called the wavering one-third. That is, one-third of the population was sincerely and decidedly in favor of Secession—firm believers in the Millennium it was about producing; another third was still more decidedly of the conviction that the South was wrong, and had nothing but evil to expect in consequence; the remaining third believed in nothing so clearly, inflexibly, and consistently as this—that the winning side was the right side. When with Unionists the waverer was a Unionist too, but, "Bless me, we must be guarded in our language during such times as these, you know!" When with Secessionists the waverer was, "I confess, somewhat doubtful about the step at first, but now that we *are* in it, of course there is but one course left us; we are all agreed in *that*, I suppose!" And now that this last news has come, the waverer, when with the Secessionists, shakes hands and smiles amidst the universal smiling and hand-shaking, gladly lost among the crowd. When thrown in private with his Union friend the waverer has nothing special to say—only arches his brows and gives a mournful shrug of his shoulder at the delusion of the rejoicing. The sympathy of the waverer with such a man as Guy Brooks just now—Corinth pealing with all its cannon in his ears—is very much that of the Frenchman who took off his hat to the antique statue of Jupiter. "Who knows," said the Gaul, "but he *may* get his head above water once more!"

When the first stroke of the first bell smote on the ear of Edward Arthur, studying in his room, it struck like—it may be an awful thing to say of a Southern born, Southern raised man, but none the less must the truth be told—a cruel blow.

"It is the last desperate effort of the Yankees to subjugate the South," Mrs. Bowles had said, before the news came, that night at supper. "They obtained a partial and greatly-exaggerated success at Fort Donelson, on account of their gun-boats. Our Generals were inexperienced, perhaps cowardly, then. The South was slumbering in full belief the war was over; but now the two armies are in front of each other near Corinth you will see a different result. Their gun-boats can not help them then. Our Generals are experienced and brave. The entire South has swarmed to their assistance. I believe in our army; I believe in our cause, as that of a people struggling to be free from cruel tyranny; I believe in a just God, above all, and I know already the victory is ours!" said Mrs. Bowles, with glowing cheek. "If it was not that Rutledge Bowles is at the head of his Company in Virginia, soon to be victorious there, I would only regret he is not at Corinth to share that great victory!"

And now hardly has the pastor seated himself after this in his room before the bells, and the shouts, and the roar of cannon announce that Mrs. Bowles is right. As he sits he can hear the instant and joyful bustle in the house. He hears Mrs. Bowles hurry the negro Charles down to the office for the papers. He hears Alice and her mother conversing eagerly together as they await his return. He hears Charles return; can hear Alice reading aloud the dispatches to her mother; hears Mrs. Bowles's loud "Oh, thank God! thank God!" mingled with even weeping. Had it been in regard to any thing else in the world he would have been with them, and one with them.

But as it is? A great gulf yawns between him and the rejoicing town; between him and the very family in which he lives, heretofore one in every thing; between him and Alice! There is a pause; and then the voice of Alice at the piano rings clear to the song of Dixie, and then of the Bonnie Blue Flag. There is another pause; then Alice plays more slowly, sings more sweetly: it is a Psalm this time—the Forty-sixth Psalm. Edward Arthur well knows why: it was the Psalm sung, he has often heard Mrs. Bowles tell, in the Major's father's family by the whole household, white and black, after the news of the surrender of Cornwallis. All this, and he sitting there in his room separated from all the world.

Shall he dash away from him every thing, go in the house, congratulate them on the glorious news, rejoice with her—with Alice—with the whole world rejoicing around? He sinks his head upon his hands resting on the table before him, and tries to go over the whole question of Secession from the first. Was Secession a right thing? During these last two years he has, in reading and in conversation, made himself perfectly familiar with every thing that can be said on both sides of the question. He had brought to the investigation no prejudices or partialities except in favor of the South, in which he has lived all his life, out of which he never expects or desires to be as long as he lives. Distrustful of himself, he has ever sought divine guidance herein. Leaning his brow upon his table he sinks upon his knees, and goes again over the whole subject in the language and feeling of prayer. How ardently he desires to believe Secession, under all the circumstances, to have been a right thing before man and before God!

But with all the loud opinion of Somerville ringing at the instant in his ears, for his life he can not effect the slightest, most momentary agreement in himself with that opinion. Secession was—is a wrong thing. But so many at the South disagree with him here? He can not help it; to him Secession was—is a great wrong. But so many pious Christians, learned and pious ministers have believed in it, have written and preached in its favor, have entered into it as the very cause of right and truth and God himself? They are more learned, more holy than he a thousandfold; none the less to him Secession was—is wrong, wrong! He may be deluded, may be insane, but to him that night, reason as he may, Secession is to him as clearly a crime as ever.

Only a little time ago, he remembers, the whole land, North, South, East, West, thought and felt as he thinks and feels to-night. All were unanimous then, at least, on that point—the believers in Secession being regarded, such a little while ago, and by the whole land, with contempt as deluded, with horror as wicked men. He can remember how that sentiment ran through the speeches of all public men, the leading articles of all editors, the sermons of all preachers, the platform addresses on all anniversaries, the very school readers and hymns for Sabbath-school celebrations, the entire country over. And to-night, like a man in full health suddenly drugged into a hideous dream, he finds himself, as it were, alone in this same sentiment, all the world changed as in an instant to believe with all their soul in exactly the reverse. But he has not changed with it; he almost wishes he could have done so; but he has not, and he can not help it. It was—it is a great crime!

Then all that good Mr. Ellis said to him only yesterday comes into his mind. There is no man in Somerville with whom he has held such sweet and intimate communion, for years now, as with Mr. Ellis, the member and pillar of his church. He has a friendship for Guy Brooks, but the lawyer has not the deep and devotional piety of Mr. Ellis. He has often conversed, and very agreeably, with Guy Brooks on church matters; but he has never conversed with him as he has with Mr. Ellis, deep into the night, there by his study fire, or here in his chamber, upon doctrines precious alike to them both, unveiling to him in Christian friendship, the closest and sweetest of all on earth, the deepest experiences of his soul. He has often knelt with Guy Brooks in prayer in private; but it was Mr. Ellis whose devotional spirit rose with his own in agonies of entreaty, in the very wrestlings of living faith for the common cause of their hearts. Was there a proof of affection and esteem for him which Mr. Ellis had not given? Blameless in life, prudent in speech, sincere in soul, liberal of his means to the last cent, above all devotedly pious, Mr. Ellis had been the man of all men he had ever known to whom he had clung closest.

"You know I was a Union man to the very last," his friend had said to him only yesterday. "We agreed perfectly in sentiment on that point. But the case is altogether changed now. We are both Southern men; have and desire to have no country but the South. Well, the South has established itself as a separate nation from the North. We both opposed the step, but it has been taken, and we are not responsible for it. In the providence of God the Confederacy being a nation, and we the citizens thereof, our duty is clear. You know the maxim: 'My Country, may she ever be right; but my Country, right or wrong!'"

And here Mr. Arthur had cried out against this maxim, but all the argument only left them where they were before.

"When the North actually declared war upon us"—Mr. Ellis continued, at last—"war upon us, think of that! Actual *war*, simply for desiring a peaceful separation from them, from that time my feelings have undergone a complete change. I am glad we did separate from a people capable of taking such a step—such a wicked, diabolical step! Henceforth I have no wish but for the success of our arms, and for the defeat, destruction if need be, of the Northern Government. You have not a warmer friend in the world than I am," adds good Mr. Ellis, taking his pastor by the hand, the tears standing in his eyes as he speaks; "from my soul I admire and love you—am your *sincere* friend. Don't persist in your course—don't, I entreat you, for the sake of our friendship, for the sake of Christ's cause—"

If Edward Arthur could only have got his friend then and there to have united with him in prayer, first for wisdom, and then have discussed together the one thing at the core and centre of it all—Slavery. But he dared not do it. An *Abolitionist!* Horror. Why Mr. Ellis would have—what would he *not* have said and done?

As if, deep down under all, Mr. Ellis, and every other Christian at the South was not thinking, in various stages of advance, exactly the same thoughts!

Yet it was strange, too. Long after war had been begun Mr. Ellis had little to say upon the subject. Week after week had the pastor, Guy Brooks, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Ellis, besides other church-members, met for prayer. On every one of these occasions Mr. Ellis had led in prayer, had prayed for peace, had prayed that God's will might be done, but had never once prayed distinctly for the Confederacy, nor for the success of its arms and the defeat of its foes. As the months rolled on, Mr. Arthur, standing still himself, could perceive a change in his friend. At first he would have scouted, and did scout, with horror the idea of his son Henry going to the war. "It was like causing Henry to pass through the fire to Moloch," were his own words often repeated to his pastor. But, at last, Henry did go. Henceforth Mr. Ellis was indeed changed. Now he began to pray earnestly for the Confederacy, to give freely up to and beyond his means to all the demands upon him toward it; to feast upon the papers, believing all they said of success to the Confederate arms; to seek and join eagerly in all meetings and street conversations; in a word, to outdo many even of the most violent "from-the-start Secessionists."

As the young minister knelt there in his room, with the bells pealing in his ears, he well knew that no man in Somerville was rejoicing more than Mr. Ellis in the news. "We must cease looking back, cease reasoning upon the matter," Mr. Ellis had told him yesterday, "and must give way now to our feelings, to our natural and hearty feelings, as citizens of a nation invaded by a brutal foe."

"But was not Secession a wrong thing?" Mr. Arthur had asked.

"Well, yes, in a certain sense it was," Mr. Ellis had replied.

"And is not this a war, on the part of the North, but an energetic attempt to put down a wrong thing? Is it not, this war, a desperate attempt on the part of the South to establish this wrong thing? Can you hope for the blessing of God, Mr. Ellis, on any effort to establish any wrong? Dare you deliberately pray to God to give success to the wrong?" said the minister.

"All this is mere morbid fancy, Mr. Arthur. Fight? yes, it is the duty of every man in the South to fight. I have sent Henry! I tell you, Sir," continued Mr. Ellis, a fire gleaming in his eye which no man had ever seen there a few months agone, "if there are any among us who are unwilling to go and fight for the Confederacy I would have them torn by force from their homes and made to go; if they are of no other use on the battle-field they will make breast-works there for those who *do* love their country."

Mr. Arthur had never been calmer in his life than when he replied, rising as he spoke: "Mr. Ellis, we once thought and felt exactly alike in this matter. You have left me. I stand this hour exactly where I have always stood—must always stand. Wrong is of the Devil. Right is of God. A Wrong is eternally a Wrong, and a Right is eternally a Right. He who fights for the Wrong and against the Right fights for the Devil and against his God. May my right arm wither from its socket before I strike a blow for the one and against the other!"

Only Secession the Wrong? No vague, undefined, instinctive apprehension of a deeper, more desperately wrong thing than that, *under* that, out of which, as from a giant and deadly root, Secession had naturally sprung?

Yes, Edward Arthur—the bells pealing in his ears—went over the whole subject which he had gone over and over and over again so often during the weary months past. Has not the South passed into the hands of the very worst and most desperate men in it? he asked himself. Many a Mr. Ellis drawn into it now; perhaps many a better man than I am deluded into it from the outset—but that its leaders are men who occupied, two years ago, a position in the esteem of the country the reverse of that to which they have now risen who can deny? And, suppose Secession successful, what is that but the certain crumbling apart, both at the North and at the South, of States held together by so fragile a tie? Will not Secession be ever before the mind as the easy remedy for any dissension among States? And what is my country, my *nation*, then? What permanency in such a Confederacy toward nations abroad? What permanency in such a loosely-bound nation for the building of railways—the founding of great institutions? What hope for the peaceful spread of civilization and the Gospel in a region perpetually in danger, at least, of crumbling to fragments? Shall I desire and pray that the South may succeed in this effort to make itself another South America of wrangling and warring provinces?

And suppose the Confederacy successful as against the North—does not the one existing cause—Slavery—still exist? With such a line of frontier, with such hostility to Slavery North, with such jealousies and rivalries, could a peace between two such nations last six months? That, *Slavery!* Old, and stale, and hackneyed reasonings these, now; but to Edward Arthur that night they were living things with which he wrestled as for his life!

It is as one exhausted with long conflict that, on this afternoon after the night of bells, Edward Arthur sees Mr. Neely enter the house of Mrs. Bowles, on a little visit to the mother, and especially to the daughter.

Just a word or two in regard to Mr. Neely while he waits on the front porch for Charles to answer his knock. A tall man is Mr. Neely, with fair hair and florid face. When he first came South Mr. Neely had always replied, "Kentucky," when asked where he was from. Because having made an extensive tour of that State before settling in Somerville, he *was* from Kentucky. But his fair and rosy face was against him; he had always to acknowledge, at last, that shameful and painful fact of having been originally from New Hampshire; in fact, hard to say, "*born* there." If Mr. Neely's body was in perpetual motion—hands, eyes, feet, tongue—it was only because it was an instrument thoroughly adapted to his active and restless mind.

One definite purpose Mr. Neely had in life—to succeed. That is, to obtain as much position and property as he could, in which he is very far from being singular. Starting from New England with just one hundred dollars in gold, a good suit of clothes, an old-fashioned watch, once belonging to his father and his father's father, a pleasant person, a ready wit, he had gone into the Book Agency Business because it was the first thing that turned up. But it had occurred to him as a thing still better to study Law, and now he is teaching in Somerville as a means of support—glorious Daniel Webster before him in that—while he masters enough legal knowledge to obtain a license. Mr. Neely is not an unprincipled man; Mr. Neely would not do a dishonest deed for the world—an undoubtedly, undeniably dishonest deed, you know—but Mr. Neely, all this apart, is resolved to succeed.

Now it is not in New Hampshire that Mr. Neely is expecting to succeed, but in Somerville and the South. Therefore Mr. Neely must adapt himself to Somerville. Point out to him that "Hadn't oughter" grates upon the ears of Somerville, and never again does that expression pass his lips. It is part of his creed that though there are such quadrupeds as cows, the universe owns nothing answering to the name of keows. Well does Mr. Neely know that the calling any one to an account for a thing is vastly better expressed by the phrase "calling him to dew for it," but he would prefer death to such language. Mr. Neely often speaks of "throwing a rock," but of such a thing as a "stone" he has never read, except in the Bible. Cheerfully does Mr. Neely interchange "evening" for "night," and as freely does he give up "chores" for "jobs;" and so of all forms of speech unadapted to his new meridian. There now lingers not even the knowledge of one in his mind. It is rather the custom of Somerville to substitute negro labor for one's own labor, and to no man there has it become so indispensable as to Mr. Neely. No man denies the piety of Mr. Neely; but it was after ascertaining which of the churches in Somerville had the largest attendance that he united himself to just that church—and of that church's choir Mr. Neely is a prominent member; but as to introducing, or even alluding to any of the tunes so familiar in New Hampshire and in the old church there, and so unknown in Somerville—why, Mr. Neely has long since ceased even to whistle them to himself, on principle. "Identify myself with the South" is Mr. Neely's one, plain path; and the only question on any and every point with him, great and small, is simply, which is the Northern, which the Southern side of this matter? and magnetized by this, Mr. Neeley repels the Northern and clings to the Southern Pole of the question by a second nature which has become an instinct.

In a word, Somerville contains many hundred Southern-born individuals, but Mr. Neely is the most intensely Southern person there. That is, in comparison with the born Southerners, we mean. There are a plenty of other men there—Lamum, Barker, and the rest—born at the North, as Southern as he. Let us pause to inscribe this fact on the page of the times for future analysis and inference by whosoever chooses to undertake the task. Among the people, in the army, in political office, in the pulpit, on the stump, as editors—in all things at the South, Northern-born men are the most intensely Southern Southerners there. Pugnacious and self-conceited old Dr. Johnson once dreamed that he had an argument with some one in which he was defeated. We all remember how he consoled himself on awaking in this defeated condition: "At least, Sir, it was I myself, at last, who furnished my imaginary opponent with all the arguments with which he defeated me!" The North may flatter itself or bewail itself on the fact as it please, but, in a goodly measure, the desperation of Southern resistance was owing to muskets and pens in Northern hands under the flag of the Confederacy, New England wit and New England resolve where raged the battle fiercest in council or in field.

"I was born in Columbia, South Carolina, Sir," Dr. Peel had one day replied to Mr. Neely. Dr. Peel was a dark, superb-looking man, almost ducal in dress and bearing, and the words were spoken with his black eye full upon Mr.

Neely, and in tones, to Mr. Neely's ear, so distinct and regal! "I am a prince of the blood, Sir," would scarce have sounded nobler. Ah, how mean New Hampshire, and how plebeian Mr. Neely to himself in comparison!

By no one was Mrs. Bowles congratulated, that day after the bells, in her parlor, more cordially than by Mr. Neely. No one had a brighter smile or a more hearty grasp of the hand on the occasion. If there was any defect in Mr. Neely it was that he was too glad, too fervent. But this one thing, brought with him from his bracing mountains, Mr. Neely could not unlearn; this one Southern thing he had not yet learned—to be still. Not that Southerners are not demonstrative enough, but then they are quiet withal; and this Mr. Neely could *not* be.

"A most wonderful victory, Madam," said Mr. Neely, rubbing his hands; "the complete rout of the Yankees. You will observe in the dispatch, Beauregard remarked on the spot that it was a more complete thing than Manassas even. I rejoice sincerely in it."

And no doubt Mr. Neely did. He opened his school with prayer every morning, and never had he failed since Secession to insert a petition therein for the victory of the South, and for "the speedy and total defeat of our cruel and implacable foes." Of late he had got into the custom of making little addresses to his school, descriptive of the wickedness of the North and of the glorious and successful revolution in which the South was embarked. As to giving the boys a holiday after the good news of last night, he would certainly have done that if the boys had only come to school that morning, which, however, they did not do, having voted themselves a holiday already, and altogether irrespective of Mr. Neely—the fact being that Mr. Neely was the most thoroughly governed individual in the school. "Old Neely?" any boy would indignantly exclaim on being remonstrated with on some special act of insubordination to his teacher, "why, old Neely is a *Yankee!*"

Yes, it was hard, very hard! No man could have been an earlier Secessionist or a more consistent Secessionist than the schoolmaster. His whole language had from the outset been of unwavering and unmitigated hostility to the North. Other men would venture to make exceptions in favor of "some, at least, it is to be hoped—*some*, however few," at the North; Mr. Neely could not in conscience make any such exceptions. In teaching his boys History he constantly kept up the striking parallel in their minds between the Revolution of '76 and that in which the South was now engaged. He required compositions from every pupil old enough to write them upon the topic of the day, and applauded most highly those in which the Yankees were most terribly demolished. "Nero was the Tyrant of the Roman Empire, and Lincoln is the Tyrant of America," "Only Powder and Steel can cure the North of its Phrensy," "Jefferson Davis is the Washington of our New Nation," and the like, were the copies set by him for his pupils. More than once highly patriotic songs had appeared in the Somerville *Star* signed N., which Mr. Neely had never denied as being from his pen. In fine, if Mr. Neely left any thing undone in proof of his sincere devotion to the cause of Secession it is impossible to imagine what that thing was. When he arrived in Somerville he possessed a Daguerreotype of his father. A large one and a very good one it was, and an honest, fatherly, clear-countenanced old patriarch the elder Mr. Neely seemed to be therefrom. Shall it be recorded here that the son deliberately broke to atoms and stamped, in his own words, "to flinders" beneath his heel that likeness in the first fervors of the war? Shall it be added that of this he afterward boasted with all phrases suitable to such a deed? Artistically considered this ought not to be mentioned, on account of its improbability, yet was it simple fact.

And yet? True as it is of the teacher it is equally so of all other Northern-born Secessionists—they never were thoroughly trusted and believed in as being really "sound."

"It isn't nature," Mrs. Juggins was continually remarking to husband and visitors, "for any body to turn so agin their own people. You needn't tell me what good Secessionists that Lamum an' Neely an' the rest are, I don't believe a bit in them myself. And there's Brother Barker," adds Mrs. Juggins, after a long pause, approaching the subject with reluctance. "Oh, I know how well and how much he talks. But —somehow—yes. Ah, well, don't it 'pear to you Brother Barker is too feverish like, kind o' over-het?" and Mrs. Juggins looks you anxiously and inquiringly in the eyes as she knits.

And this was the universal feeling whether expressed or not. The more violently Southern Northern men were, only that much the more did people murmur, "Only put on; you'll see one day if it isn't!" It matters not how violent and consistent in his course Lamum, for instance, was; though mortal could say no more against the North and for the South than he; though he harped perpetually on the infamy and the merited halter of "the traitors among us," at last people were only suspicious—"Yankees *all* of them!"—to the greatest degree. Had any one of them been detected in the worst practices of the incendiary and Abolitionist, one universal chorus would have broken forth, "A Yankee! I always knew it!"

Mrs. Bowles was pleased to see Mr. Neely, however, and conversed eagerly with him on the glorious news—an unconscious condescension running through all her manner as of a South Carolina lady conversing with a New Englander —a condescension not more assumed on her part than taken for granted on his. To no female born and living at the North would or could Mr. Neely have been so obsequious, so deferential. It is an unpleasant thing to write, but it is a fact. But in all Mr. Neely's conversation, though he addressed himself mainly to Mrs. Bowles, it was with chief reference to Miss Alice that he spoke. The truth is, the man really admired and loved the beautiful and queenly girl as he never loved or admired a woman before. There was a majesty in her erect bearing, a dignity inherited from her stately old father the Major, in her reserve, a serene soul in her full and steady eye, which was more to him even than her glowing cheek and coral lip. It is a shame to hint such a thing in America, but it was the old story of plebeian and aristocrat, squire of low degree aspiring to the hand of noble dame. Marrying a South Carolinian! It was next to being born there!

"And it must be a great gratification to you, Miss Alice," he said, at last, "that the flag you presented that day to the regiment was in the fight." And Mr. Neely went back in memory to the day of its presentation, Alice standing on the platform with the colors in her hand, saying her few thrilling words more with eye and cheek and attitude than with tongue, a goddess to him from that moment henceforth and forever. For the moment Alice had endeavored to believe herself then and there a sort of "heroine of '76" over again. But, under all this cry of "Our Country!" "Our Glorious Revolution!" "Our gallant Army!" "Our despicable foes!" there steadily ran this fact, we are fighting for our negroes. Ugly thought, we are fighting for our —slavery! No, not a *thought*, an unpleasant but undefined consciousness thereof.

"Yes," said Alice; "but I am more anxious to know the fate of the men that received it, just now, than any thing else." Whereupon Mr. Neely skillfully turned the conversation upon their bravery, mingled with reasonings to show why he did not think, at least sincerely hoped, they had not suffered much in the contest. "And you have not heard, you tell me, from your son, Captain Rutledge Bowles?" he said at last, turning to Mrs. Bowles.

"Only that he is at the head of his company in Virginia," said Mrs. Bowles.

"I suppose we shall be compelled to inflict another Manassas upon them there. Perhaps one more defeat of the kind may satisfy them," said Mr. Neely.

"Rutledge Bowles was then in Charleston," said Mrs. Bowles, "in obedience to orders. He assures me in his last letter that he will be in the next battle, orders or no orders, wherever he thinks it likely to take place. I regret that he and many of the youth of South Carolina can not feel as satisfied with Mr. Davis and his arrangements as could be wished. It is a little hard that South Carolina should be second to Mississippi, taking the lead in the revolution the way my native State did. It is only for the present, however."

Thereupon Mr. Neely entered upon a glowing eulogy of South Carolina, adroitly worded, too, in the midst of which the bell rang for supper.

"Really, I had completely forgotten myself," he said, as he arose. "Only when one gets to speaking of South Carolina—"

"Stay to supper with us, Mr. Neely," said Mrs. Bowles, with a warmer manner than when he first came, and with perhaps somewhat more of hesitation and of apology for possible intrusion than was necessary, Mr. Neely at last consented.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles, when the family were seated at table, "but you are really looking as if you had just risen from a severe illness." It was a fact; the pale, care-worn face of Edward Arthur contrasted strongly at the moment with the rosy and happy countenance of Mr. Neely by his side.

"Yes, Madam, I had no sleep last night," was the reply of that gentleman as he endeavored to assume a more cheerful manner.

"Why, as to that, none of us slept last night," said the schoolmaster. "Glorious news! Was it not, Mr. Arthur?"

Oh, the temptation, the pressing, the almost hourly temptation to lying those days! What is the use of talking about dissembling, evading, getting out of telling the truth, and all that? Satan is Satan, God is God, a lie is a lie! And the lying, downright lying, on the part of the Union people at the South—multitudes of them at least—was one of the most terrible demoralizations of the times. If ever necessity, the fear of consequences, the unparalleled nature of the case, justified people in this, of course they were completely justified. But can any thing make a wrong to be a right? Does God ever so place man that he *must* sin? Alice was cutting cake at the moment, but how keenly she was on the alert for Mr. Arthur's reply, though she raised not her eyes.

"Has any confirmation of it as yet arrived, Mr. Neely?" was Mr. Arthur's calm reply.

"Confirmation? It needs no confirmation!" exclaimed astonished Mr. Neely. "The victory is one we already knew would take place whenever the armies joined. The only question was one of place and day."

"You must pardon me if I seem to cast a gloom on the matter, but I frankly confess that my dominant feeling since the news came is one of sorrow," said the minister.

"Sorrow, Mr. Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowles and Mr. Neely in the same breath.

"At the awful destruction of human life," said the minister, and Alice breathed again. "You know my profession has habituated me to look on things in that light. Pardon me; but to think of a civil war in our country, not in France or Italy, but actually in America! A battle on our soil, with all its hideous carnage! I say nothing about souls hurried by thousands, unprepared many of them, into eternity. Again, pardon me, but you must blame my profession."

And thus Mr. Arthur told part of the truth; but did he tell really the truth in telling only a part?

But not for nothing had Mr. Neely been born in New England. "Why, Mr. Barker is of your profession, and I saw him last night listening to Colonel Ret Roberts, and I really believe he was the happiest man there!"

Mr. Neely was right. Brother Barker *was* there, and was as happy, to say the least, as any man on the ground. So happy, that in drinking down the Colonel's speech he had no time on the instant even to object mentally to its innumerable oaths, and to its blood-thirsty atrocities. Yes, no man laughed louder, or applauded every sentiment with both of his long hands more eagerly than he. What though Secession had arrested at once the operation and income of every Bible Society, Tract Institution, Missionary Cause — domestic and foreign — as well as every other Benevolent Association in the land; what though it was pouring over the land, through the prostrated embankments of Law, Order, Religion, and Society such a torrent of Profanity, Sabbath Desecration, Intemperance, and all kindred vices as the most gloomy-minded had never dared even to fear: what though ministers were starving at their ministry, or driven from it into other pursuits, churches were being split into fragments and dissolved, all religious worship being comparatively abandoned save to hear political sermons and proclamation prayers; members of churches and even ministers backsliding and apostatizing by multitudes; what though the minds of worldly men were being hardened a thousandfold more in irreligion; even the coming generation blasted in advance by the arrested instruction, and the inevitable corruption, mind and heart, by the times, of the very children. What though the cause dearest, avowedly, to Mr. Barker of all on earth —that of the Gospel—was perishing beneath the deadly influences of war in the land—civil war —yet was Brother Barker the loudest, and happiest, and heartiest among all beneath Colonel Ret Roberts's eloquence that night.

Ah, if Brother Barker had been the only minister of the sort! It was indeed the hour of the Saviour's crucifixion afresh. Never speak of the soldiers gambling at his feet, spotted with his falling blood, nor of the taunting multitude, nor of the darkening sky above and the earth quivering beneath, next to the hiding of the Father's face, the darkest, bitterest thing was that, even of Christ's disciples how nearly may we come to reading: "They all forsook him, and fled." We speak not of you who clung all the closer to your Master, with separatedness from the reigning spirit of the world, with strong crying to God during all that hour of darkness. You who, heartily with the North then, or as heartily with the South then, kept most heartily of all to Christ—one with each other at least in that—alas that, North and South, your number seemed so small in those days of Satan's hour, and the Power of Darkness!

"For my part I do not wonder Mr. Barker should rejoice," said Mr. Neely, after having waited in vain for the minister's reply. "With him, I believe the entire North to have become thoroughly infidel. This is a religious war—a war for Scripture doctrine in regard to Slavery against Abolitionism and all the other infidel isms of the North. Mr. Barker rejoices in the defeat of the North as in the defeat of irreligion itself—so do I."

"Mr. Neely," said Alice at this juncture, "how then about England and old Scotland—all Protestant Europe?"

"I do not exactly understand your question, Miss Alice," said Mr. Neely, intensely on the alert.

"I mean, only for argument sake, you know," said Alice, "does Protestant Europe stand on this question with the North or with the South?"

"Really, I am not sure," began Mr. Neely. But he saw that Alice knew, and knew that he knew, the facts of the case. "With the North, I believe," he added, under the stress of her clear and steady eye.

"And are they all infidel?" began Alice.

"I tell you what I frankly think; I mean I will frankly say what I really and truly believe, and that is, that almost the whole Christian Church is becoming infidel, Jacobinical. By Jacobinical notions I mean the old French notions of freedom and equality."

"I think I know what Jacobin means," said Alice, her eyes still bent with inquiry upon him.

"In this strife, Miss Alice, between Jacobinism, then, and Conservatism, between infidelity and the Gospel, in fact, I do believe that there is only one spot on the globe in which the pure and genuine Gospel lingers, and that is in the South. I wish to flatter no one," added Mr. Neely, "but of all the South I do believe that piety, the purest and most strictly in accordance with the Bible—Old Testament as well as New —is to be found in South Carolina. I myself was born at the North," continued Mr. Neely, with engaging frankness; "but, if one may say such a thing, I would give millions to have been born, of all the world, in South Carolina."

Yes, Mr. Neely actually said just that!

Mrs. Bowles cordially approved the sentiment, and assured Mr. Neely how highly she felt flattered. Alice never raised her eyes from her plate.

"Therefore," said Mr. Neely, after some further conversation, "if I, a Northern man, rejoice so in the success of Southern arms, I am sure you must, Mr. Arthur."

"It is impossible for me not to rejoice in whatever may be for the interest and real welfare and prosperity of the South, Mr. Neely," replied the other. "I have every inducement, and it would be unnatural and simply impossible that I should feel otherwise."

And yet, somehow, his reply did not satisfy Mrs. Bowles.

"I am perfectly ignorant of military matters," said Alice at last, "but I do not understand what is meant when the dispatch says that Beauregard fell back from Shiloh some twenty miles to Corinth. I am confident of the gallantry of our soldiers; but why fall back?"

Thereupon Mr. Neely hastened to explain matters, showing that it was a kind of military strategy almost invariably adopted by victorious armies. Alice listened, but replied not.

"Oh, you mustn't mind Alice, Mr. Neely," said Mrs. Bowles, at length. "She is a willful girl, and she has an independent habit of her own. She is always endeavoring to form her own conclusions on every subject. When she once gets a notion in her head it is impossible to reason with her. She reminds me more and more of her father, Major Bowles. But, Alice, do let us have some music. We are not tired of Dixie yet—what a low name for the South!— or the Bonnie Blue Flag—any thing."

"What do you say to Yankee Doodle, or Hail Columbia, or the Star-spangled Banner, Mr. Neely?" said Alice, looking back upon that gentleman, with her hands upon the keys of the instrument.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On the Fashionable colored Hair.—"Deary me," said old Mrs. Guy, "why nowadays all the young gals is light headed."

A New Name for a Seamstress.—Miss *Sew and Sew*.

"How fast wicked men can go on in their sins!" exclaimed a good but unsophisticated old lady; "it only takes *two seconds* to fight a duel!"

Conceited people are always happy, they do so enjoy *themselves*.

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near thirty." "Do not fret at it, Madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

Why are the English people like the act of reasoning?—Because they are a racy-hossy-nation.

When is it useless to try to borrow a book?—When it is *Lent*.

The following story is told of a father of the church. At an association dinner a debate arose as to the use of the rod in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and the chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not high. He maintained that parents often do harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

"Good blood will show itself," as the old lady said when she was struck with the redness of her nose.

"Mother, what's in the pot?" "A pig's head and turnips, dear." Little Mary being of an inquisitive turn she got peeping in the pot, when she saw one of the turnips in the pig's mouth. "Mother, mother!" she cried. "What's the matter?" "Oh, mother, if you don't come quick the pig will eat all the turnips!"

Artemus Ward tells a good story concerning the production of the Lady of Lyons at the Salt Lake City theatre: "An aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a cussed fuss over one woman."

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father?—Because he is a little Bigger.

Milk and Water.—A lad, on delivering his milk a few mornings ago in a neighboring city, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it instead of cold."

John Randolph met an enemy on the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat; "pass on, Sir."

To what tribe do Scotch Jews belong?—Mac-Assur.

A letter was mailed in one of our post-offices the other day that had no postage-stamp on it, but in place of the stamp had the following written on one corner of the envelope: "Mr. Postmaster, don't charge no postage on this; the stamp wouldn't stick, so I tore the thing up."

Why did Adam when alone find the day very long?—Because it was always *morning* without Eve.

"I am glad this coffee don't owe me any thing," said a book-keeper to his wife the other morning at breakfast. "Why so?" was the response. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

"Halloa, Bridget! what o'clock is it, and where's the chicken-pie?" "It's *eight*, Sir."

An exchange gives reasons for not publishing a poetic effusion as follows: "The rhythm sounds like pumpkins rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

"The next time I catch you alone, Tom Wilkins, I'll give you a good thrashing!" said a ruffianly bully of the play-ground to a mild-looking boy. "Well," quietly and significantly replied Tom, "I ain't often caught alone, as I generally have my feet and fists with me."

Woman's Mission—Sub-mission.

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her beau in a quiver.

The Chili Question.—"How's your cold?"

It has been discovered that Othello held a legal as well as a military office in Venice. He was a-tawny-general.

What is the worst seat a man can sit on?—Self-con*ceit*.

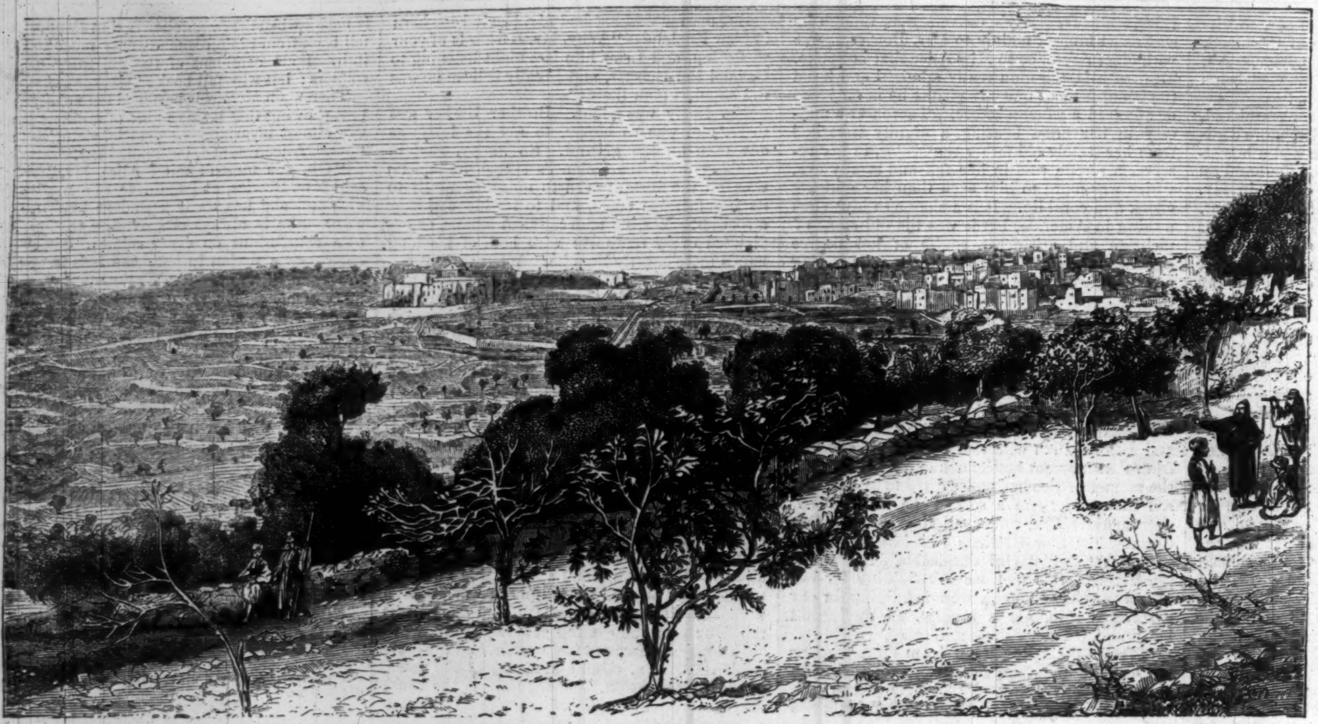
A warning needed at all fashionable assemblages—Look out for the paint!

New Axiom.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

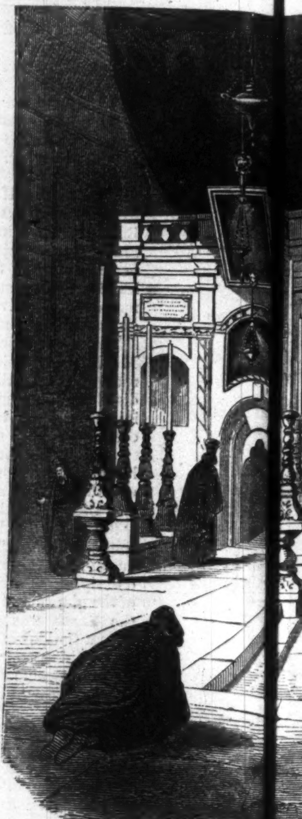
"Tilly," said a mother to her daughter, who had seen but five summers, "what should you do without your mother?" "I should put on every day just such a dress as I wanted," was the prompt reply.

"Can you see any thing in my eye—it feels very sore?" asked a lazy, good-for-nothing student of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

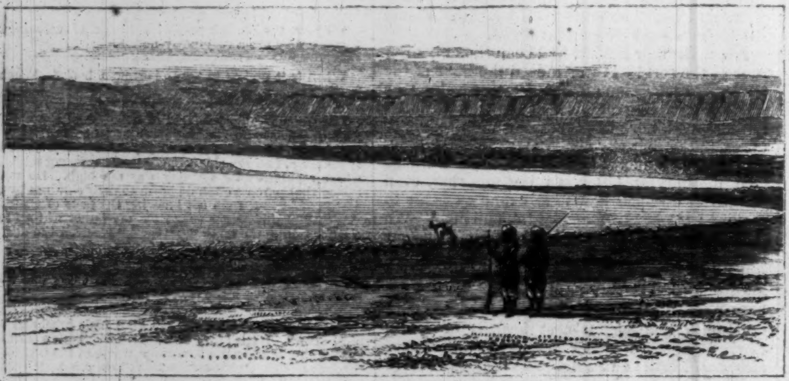
"I can see a very bad pupil," was the reply of the Professor, who never likes to be funny when he has his professional garments on.



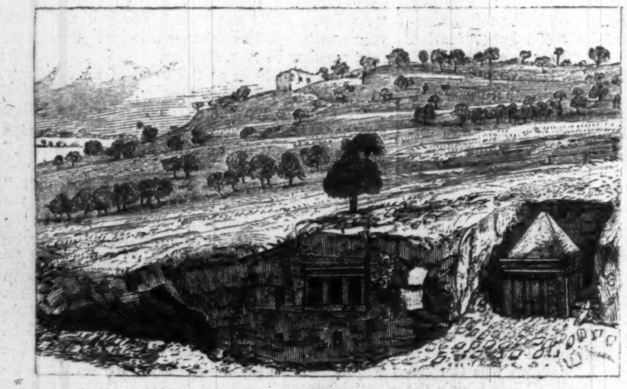
BETHLEHEM, WITH THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AND CONVENTS, FROM THE NORTH.



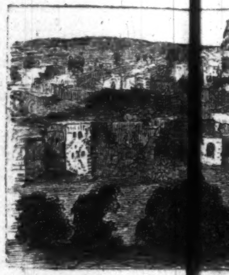
HOLY SEPULC E, JE



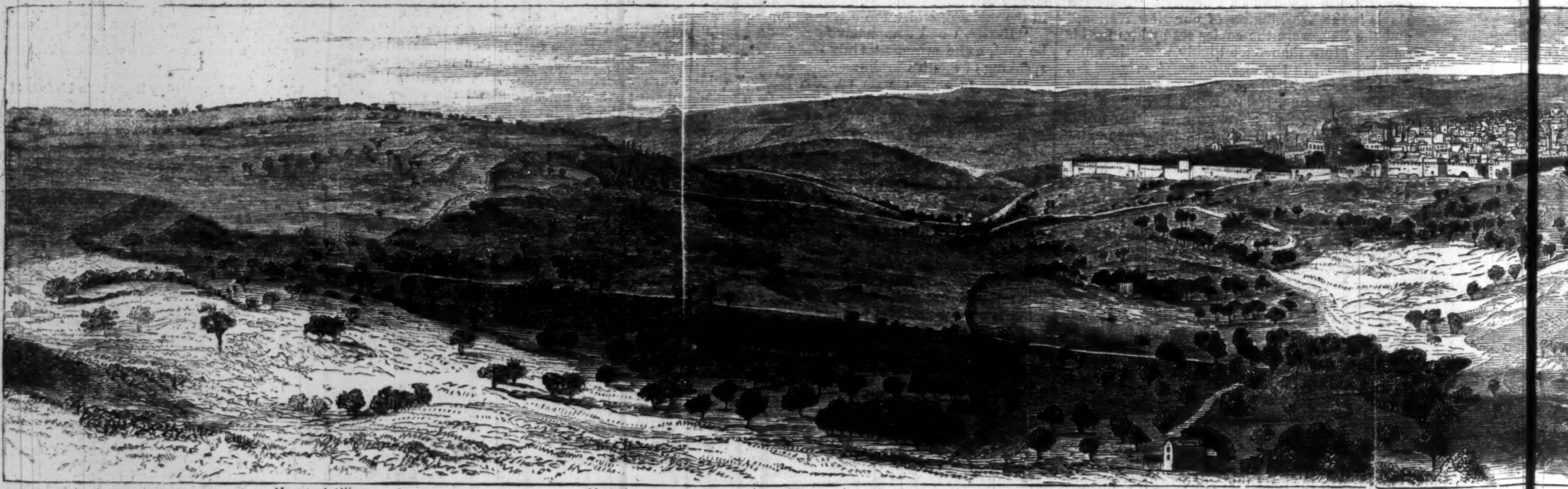
NORTH BAY, DEAD SEA.



TOMBS IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

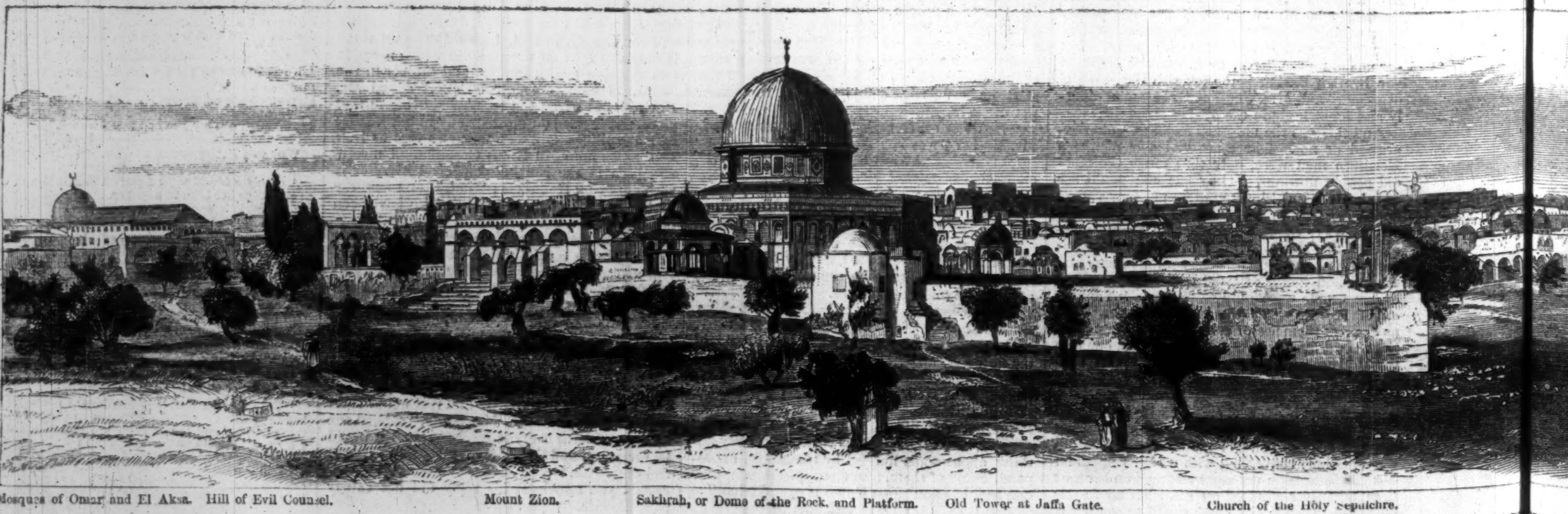


BE NY.



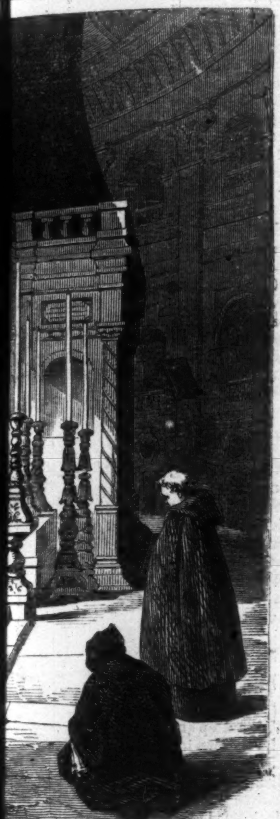
Mount of Olives.
Herodion, above Bethlehem.
Mount of Corruption.
Gethsemane.
East Wall and Golden Gate.
Mount Moriah, Valley of Kidron, and Ro to An

JERUSALEM—"BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH, IS OUN

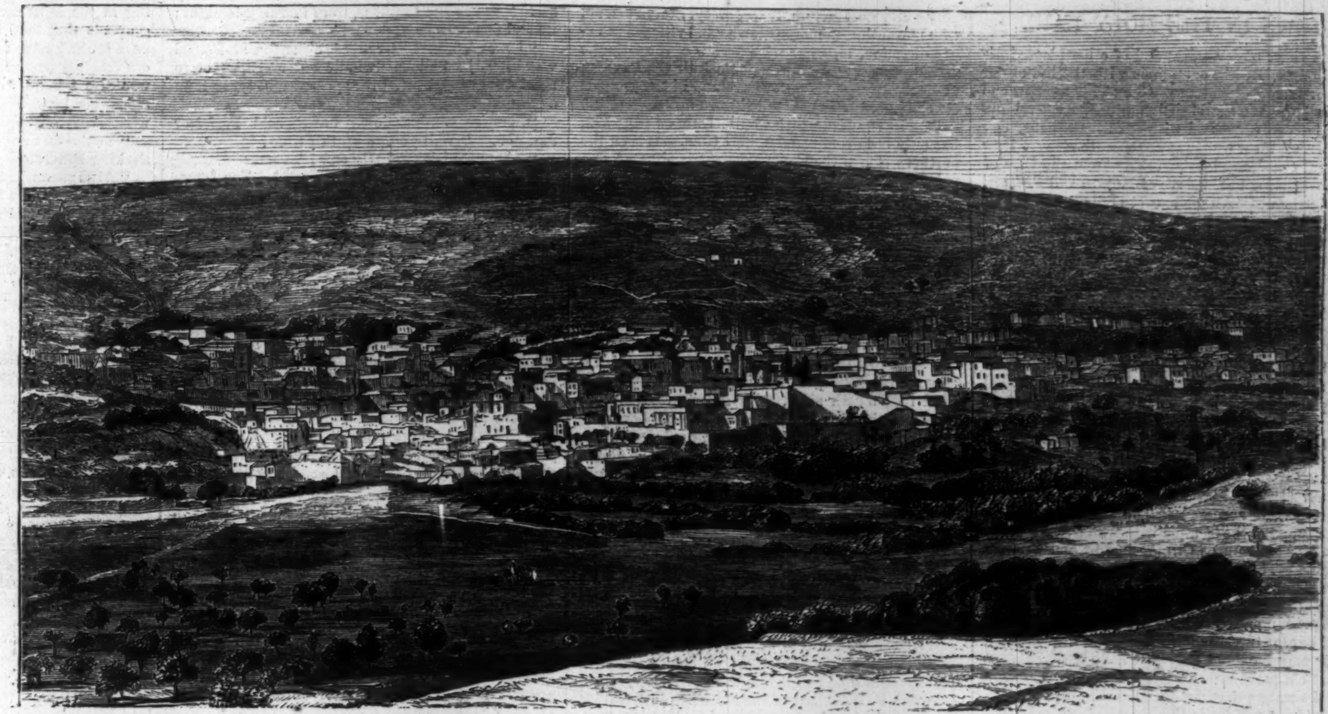


Mosques of Omar and El Aksa.
Hill of Evil Counsel.
Mount Zion.
Sakhrah, or Dome of the Rock, and Platform.
Old Tower at Jaffa Gate.
Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

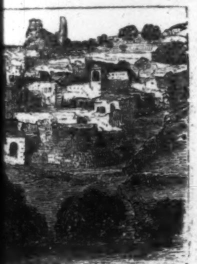
JERUSALEM FROM THE GOLDEN GATE, SHOWING THE TEMPLE AREA IN THE FOREGROUN



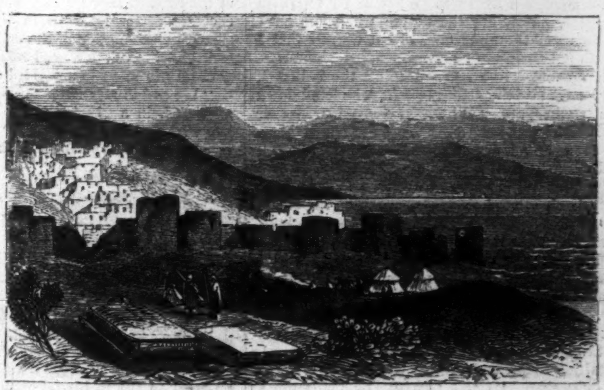
E, JERUSALEM.



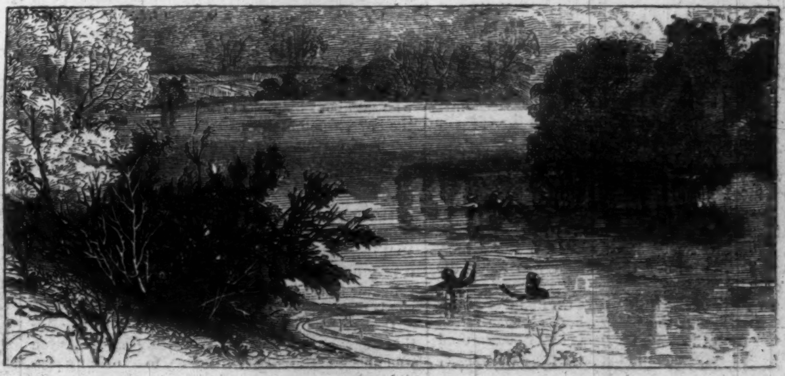
NAZARETH, FROM THE EAST.



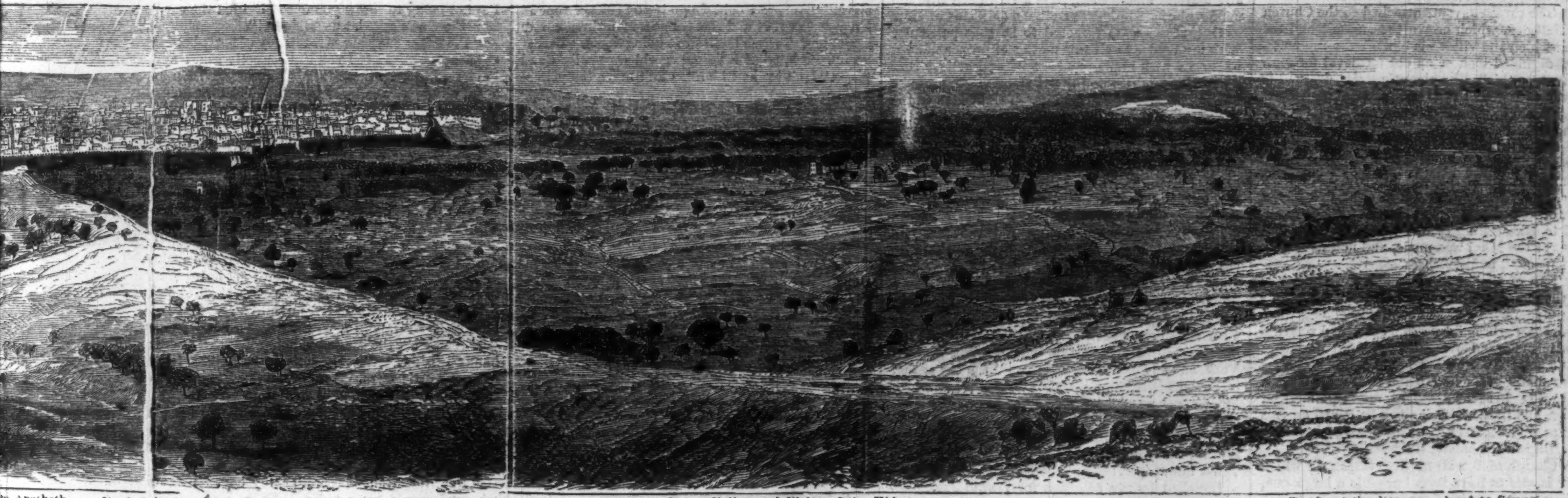
NY.



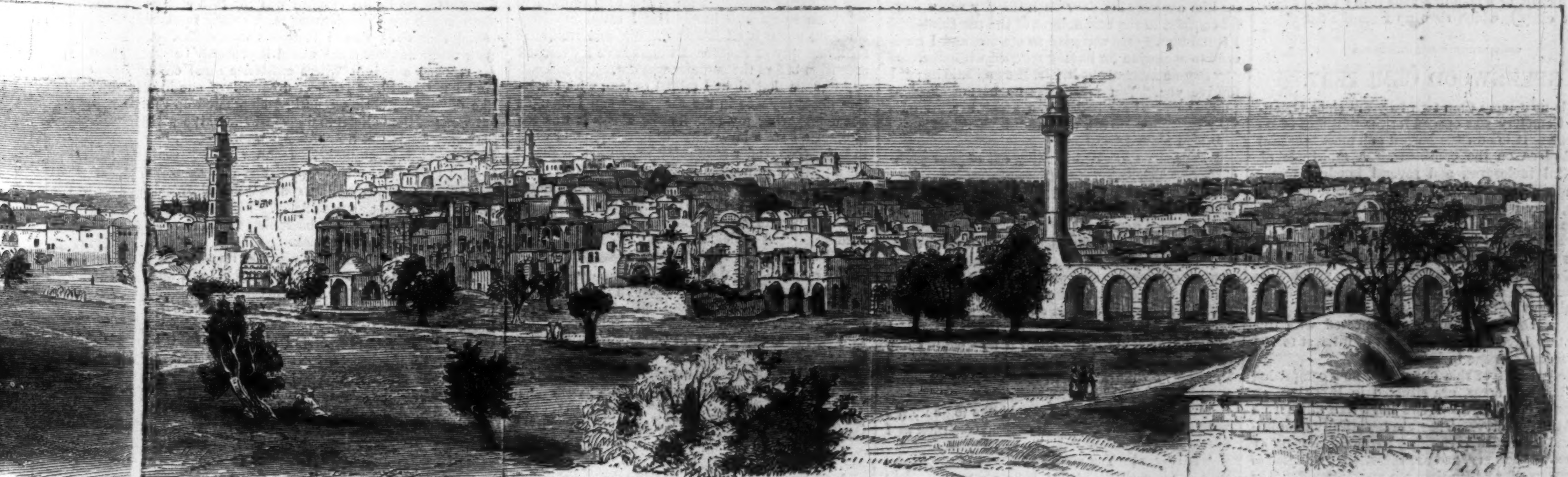
TIBEREAS.



THE JORDAN.


to Anathoth.
North Wall and Bezetha.
Hills south of Plain of Rephaim.
Upper Valley and Fields of the Kidron.
Tombs of the Kings.
Road to Samaria.

OUNT ZION, ON THE SIDES OF THE NORTH, THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."


Governor's House.
Herod's Gate.
Church of St. Anne.
St. Stephen's Gate.

ROUND, WITH THE MOSQUES AND MINARETS IN THE HOLY PLACE.—[SEE PAGE 170.]

VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND.

The views of Jerusalem and of other places intimately associated in our minds with the life of our Saviour presented on pages 168 and 169 are new and interesting. We shall briefly notice the several topics of interest connected with our illustrations.

Of Jerusalem we give two separate views. How different the Jerusalem of to-day from the City of the Great King in the days of Herod and Pilate! Within the walls—if we except perhaps the Temple area, that one grand spot of surpassing interest in Jerusalem—there is not a street which either the Saviour or his apostles ever trod. The present roadways, if even they follow the old lines, are above the rubbish which "many a fathom deep" covers the ancient causeway. There is not one house standing on which we can feel certain that our Lord ever gazed, unless it be the old tower at the Jaffa Gate. Only the heavens above and the hills around remain the same. The site of the old Temple was never open to any but Moslems until after the Crimean War. No remains of the old Temple exist above ground. Every atom of its dust, as far as we can discover, has been swept away. Literally not one stone has been left upon another. Its site, however, can be determined with almost perfect accuracy. The huge old cisterns which supplied the Temple with water still remain. Upon this spot Jesus Christ taught and wrought miracles. This is the Thermopylæ of the universe. The dust of which man is made alone remains and covers all. Not an object meets the eye on which kings and prophets with Jesus and his apostles gazed except the Mount of Olives and the blue sky. Yet it may be those holy feet have trod the steps of that old passage; and His lips may have drunk from the waters that "made glad the city of God."

Outside of the walls the Valley of Kidron separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. This is also known as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Another valley curving in from the west is the Valley of Hinnom, or Tophet. Perhaps there is no place on earth where so many thoughts of human crime and misery suggest themselves as among the rocky sepulchres of this valley. The horrible Moloch fires which consumed many an agonized child once blazed among these stones. It was on the opposite side, on the Hill of Corruption, that Solomon set up his idols in the very sight of the Temple. In this valley is the Aceldama, or "Field of Blood," where, into a caverned pit, now built over, bodies were cast, and laid there under a sprinkling of dirt to suffer corruption. It has been closed for a century, but will ever be associated with the traitor, No wonder the valley of Hinnom was made the type of hell!

The village of Bethany, once the home of Mary and Martha, and the place where Christ raised Lazarus from the dead, consists now of brown mud hovels. It is the squalid abode of confusion, dogs, and poverty.

Of all the places associated with Scripture history Bethlehem is, on the whole, the most picturesque. The three convents attached to the Church of the Nativity, which crown the summit and the ridge on which the village is built, wear the massive and dignified look of an old medieval fortress. The terraces, which, like gigantic stairs, descend to the lower valleys and the small alluvial plains and corn-fields, have a fine bold sweep, and are rich in olives and fruit trees, the shade and verdure of which relieve the eye from the dazzling glare of the white limestone rocks and soil.

Although Jesus was born in Bethlehem, the Holy Family, immediately after the presentation in the temple, or forty days after the birth of the child, removed to Nazareth. It was here, probably, that the visit of the Magi was made, and not, as is generally supposed, in Bethlehem.

Nazareth of Galilee was the home of Christ in his boyhood. Here he labored at his humble trade for many years. Here in this town—among these hills—Jesus was brought up as a child, and was subject to His meek and loving mother, "full of grace;" here as a boy "He grew in wisdom and in stature;" here for many years he labored as a man for His daily bread; here he lived as an acquaintance, neighbor, and friend. For years he gazed on this landscape, and walked along these mountain paths, and worshiped God among these solitudes.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in which Christ is *said* to have been buried is a large one, including under one roof many chapels, in which different "communions" worship. The Holy Sepulchre is not what many people suppose it to be. It is not a cave, or a hole in a rude rock; but a small marble chapel, which rises up from the flat stone floor.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

It is now more than twenty years since Greenwood Cemetery was opened for the purposes of interment. It is now the largest and most beautiful burial-place on the continent. A multitude of beautiful inclosures, and several hundred tombs and monuments, involving a vast aggregate expense, may now be seen there—pleasing memorials, in the main, of taste and wealth—certainly of grief and pious love. The tombs, for which the slopes of Greenwood afford frequent opportunity, are of every style of architecture. The monuments are various in design, from the modest tablet to the magnificent pillar or massive sarcophagus. The great number of attractions connected with this Cemetery have made it an object of interest to visitors second to none in Brooklyn.

The grounds of this Cemetery, now comprising four hundred acres, are situated in Brooklyn, on Gowanus Heights, about two and a half miles from the Atlantic Ferry. They are beautifully undulating and diversified, presenting continual changes of surface and scenery, and are remarkably adapted to the purpose for which they are appropriated. The elevated portions of the Cemetery afford numerous and interesting views, embracing the Bay and Harbor of New York, with its islands and forts, the cities of New York and Brooklyn, the shores of the North and East Rivers, New Jersey, Staten Island, the Quarantine, numerous towns and villages in every direction, together with a view of the Atlantic Ocean, reaching from Sandy Hook to the Pavilion at Rockaway. The various avenues in the grounds (exclusive of paths) extend sixteen miles.

The Entrance, which we illustrate on page 172, has only been completed a short time. It is on the northern side of the Cemetery. It is situated at a point lying nearest to the vast population of New York and Brooklyn. The gateway is an imposing and elaborate Gothic edifice, solidly constructed of the best New Jersey sandstone. Two passage-ways through the massive structure are appropriated—one to funerals, the other to visitors. A room for the latter to rest in; and fire-proof offices for the Cemetery business, occupy the lower part of the building. Upward it terminates in three lofty pinnacles. There is a bell for the passing procession, and a clock to strike the hours. The deep, triangular recesses of the pediments above the two gateways are filled in, on both sides, with groups of sculpture formed of the Nova Scotia sandstone. These four groups represent the Saviour's Entombment; His Resurrection; the Resurrection of the Widow's Son, and the Raising of Lazarus. Still higher up, on the four shields which surmounts the quatrefoils, are figures in relief of Faith, of Hope, of Memory, and of Love.

UPS AND DOWNS.

I.

When I was still a boy of eighteen, going to school punctually every day, as all boys do who intend to some time be great authors like Mr. Tupper, there was a young lady of the same age with myself moving in society, and her name was Christine Bell. Of course there is a vast difference between a schoolboy of eighteen and a young lady of the same age in society. Christine was a beauty, and she had several beaux. One of these was a prosperous young grocer by the name of Hiram Jackson, whose first name was familiarly abbreviated to Hi, and whose last name to Jack, by the simple-hearted villagers who sat about his grocery in the evenings; so that the boys, when angry and disrespectful, were in the habit of sarcastically calling him High-Low-Jack. Whether it was this title which discouraged Christine, or whether she felt too proud to marry a grocer (her father was a dealer in dry goods), or whether she had other and better reasons for her behavior, suffice it that the young lady's name is now Christine Bell Brown. As my name is Brown, and Brown is a very uncommon name indeed, you may naturally conclude that Christine is now my wife. Correct; she is my wife.

It may be unnecessary to explicitly state after this that Hiram Jackson's courting of Christine was unsuccessful. Nevertheless, to avoid any possible misconception, I will so state. It *was* unsuccessful, and he did *not* marry Christine. He eventually married another lady, and a very good wife she makes him. He left our village (Milktown, New York State. I am disposed to be thus particular with my reader in all this matter of proper names, because I wish him to understand and believe that I am relating *facts*, and that I stand ready to shake hands with Mr. Gradgrind himself right here on the threshold of my story), and he went out into the world to seek his fortune.

He was an ambitious young man, with a soul above molasses and tea, and he aspired to reach a high place in the world. So he turned his attention to ballooning, and soon had his wish. He became noted throughout the country as a successful aeronaut. He made a great deal of money and a great deal of noise, and all but made a voyage to the Sandwich Islands in a balloon. He came to New York at the end of several years, and built a monstrous hole in the ground, up by Central Park, and put a high board fence around it to keep people from falling into the hole without paying the admission fee. I was at this time residing in New York, and advancing rapidly toward the top of that hill upon whose summit stands the temple in which Mr. Tupper wanders, the envy of his contemporaries. I was a writer for the press, and had recently returned from the sea-side, where I had been representing the literary world as correspondent of the *Times* newspaper.

Impelled by my affection for Hiram Jackson—now Professor Jackson—and also by some little curiosity respecting the inside of that great hole that he had built and surrounded with a fence, I went to see him one very hot day, when the city was a fearful contrast to the cool delight of the sea-side—and I found him. He was glad to see me, and I hastened to apologize for having married Christine.

"Say no more about it, Mr. Brown," said he; "I forgive you. You meant me no harm. Besides that, she jilted me before you knew her. How's your babies? mine are well, thank you."

"How many?"

"Four. What's that sticking out of your pocket?"

"My note-book," said I. "I have been scribbling for the *Times* a little of late, and of course I had to have a note-book."

"You don't say!" cried Jackson, with much cordiality. "A reporter for the *Times?* Why, how you *are* getting on, ain't you? The last I heard of you you had got out a volume of poems in a yellow cover. I congratulate you on your improved prospects. I have a great respect for the *Times*, and I *was* going to ask Mr. Raymond if he wouldn't like to take a ride in my balloon. But I have neglected it, and— By-the-way, that reminds me: wouldn't *you* like to go up?"

"Why yes," said I; "I should like to go up if I were sure of coming down in as good condition as I find myself at present."

"All right! You shall go up at the end of the rope. It's a thousand feet long, that rope. It'll pull you down again all safe." There was a sort of windlass run by horse-power that let the balloon up and down. "Pretty sight, ain't it?" the Professor added, with a yawn. He was used to it, you see. "That's the way it is, from morning to night; up and down—up and down!"

"Up and down!" I echoed, absently, as I stood watching the balloon dwindle out of sight, or so nearly out of sight that it appeared no bigger than a pumpkin.

"They're coming down now," said Professor Jackson. "Will you go up this time?"

"I suppose it's perfectly safe?"

"Why, you're not afraid, are you? You sometimes ride in railroad cars, don't you?"

"When I am compelled to I do," said I.

"Well! what proportion of danger do you really suppose there exists, now, between a balloon ride and a railroad ride?"

I thought a minute before I replied:

"I'm not accurate at estimates, but as near as I can put it, in round numbers, I should say the chances were about fourteen million to one in favor of the balloon."

"That's not the precise figure," said Professor Jackson; "but it's very near it—it's very near it."

"Am I to go up alone?"

"No. As you are a little timid, and as I want you to take some notes—not to put in the *Times*, I wouldn't have you think—I'll send a policeman up with you to protect you."

"How can I thank you enough?" I murmured. "But I comprehend. It is for Christine's sake."

"Oh, bother Christine!" ejaculated Jackson, moving toward the balloon, which was now fastened to the platform at the bottom of the great hole. "Come!"

The policeman got into the car. It is called a car, but in point of fact it is a basket. Then a young lady got in. This was more than I had bargained for, but it awakened my manly breast to a sense of its duty. What a young lady dare do should I hesitate about?

I at once got into the car. The grapnels were thrown off. We began to go up, and I began to take notes. Here are the notes; when you have read the story through you will not wonder that I failed to put them in the *Times*.

We are off. She tips [meaning the balloon]. "Oh! oh!" [by the young lady]. The band down below strikes up, "Who will Care for Mother Now?" Ah! who indeed? Thoughtful band! Magnificent panorama dawns upon the sight. She tips [the balloon]. Skittish feeling. Mem.—*Kitzelisch* good word. Wind blows us over the Park. That beauty-land, etc. Lakes, etc. Map of the earth. Difficult to realize. Pigmies down there. Look like ants. Wave their handkerchiefs to us.—Wave a lead-pencil to them. It drops. Watch it dwindle to a speck. The two rivers creeping out of a cloud-bank to north. Water looks like ice—glary. Bay dotted with ships. Narrows in plain view. Young lady says glad she come. So am I. Want to stay here all summer. Delightfully cool. Proposition to policeman—cut the rope and take a nice long ride. "Can't see it" [by policeman]. Took his number. 444. Says his name is Fish. Out of his element. Young lady excited and talkative. "Where would we go if you cut the rope?" Propose to cut it and see. Policeman threatens to arrest me. Twitch! Balloon going down. Rather go up. Ah, what a vulgar world we are! Band plays "Hail to the Chief." Can't mean the policeman.

"How are you, Professor?" I cried, as I got out of the car and felt my foot on my native earth once more. I really felt as if I had been an incalculable distance since I saw him last.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Oh, amazingly!"

"But that's nothing compared to a detached ascension, you know," said the Professor, with professional pride. "Nothing at all."

"How I should like to make a detached ascension!" I cried, with the greatest enthusiasm.

Mr. Jackson said nothing.

"Do you make detached ascensions much?" I asked.

"Oh, frequently," said he.

"And when do you make the next?"

"To-morrow, probably."

"How I *should* like to go!"

The Professor made no reply.

"So you go to-morrow?" I remarked, as we walked up the stairway leading out of the hole.

"If it's pleasant," said he.

"I wish I could go with you!"

"Come and see me again, Mr. Brown," said Jackson, shaking hands. "And remember me to your lady."

I naturally concluded after that that he did not want me to go with him. But I could not help thinking about it all the way home, and resolving that, one way or another, I would have a detached ascension before the summer was out.

After tea that night I talked so long with Christine about my ride in the air that when I thought about preparing my note for the *Times* it was too late. So I ate a large piece of mince-pie and went to bed.—The reader may think my recording that I ate a piece of mince-pie is a piece of domestic egotism, and has nothing to do with the story. But I think it has a good deal to do with the story.

I was just dozing off when I was awakened by a loud rapping at my chamber-door.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"It's me, Sir—wid a letther," responded the voice of our Bridget. "A man jist brung it to the basement-door, Sir," Bridget continued, as I opened the chamber-door a crack and took the letter in. "He said fer me to bring it up at wanst, Sir, bein' it was important."

I shut the door and opened the note. It said:

> "Dear Brown,—One of the gentlemen who was going with me to-morrow on the detached voyage is sick, and I am glad to be able to offer you his seat in the car. We start early. Be on hand at 6 A.M. Yours truly,
>
> "Hiram Jackson."

II.

I am by no means fond of seeing the sun rise, but I was up early for this once, and the appointed hour found me on hand. Professor Jackson was down at the bottom of the hole, superintending the preparations for departure. The great balloon was swaying in the light morning breeze, impatient of the grapnels that held it to the earth. Half a dozen bags of sand were being put into the car, and various creature comforts in bottles and baskets. There was also a hand-telescope, and on the floor of the roomy car lay a mysterious something—I knew not what—covered with a long canvas case.

"You're on time, Mr. Brown," said the Professor, shaking hands.

"Always am," said I.

"Well, we'll start right off."

"Where's the other man?" I asked.

"You are the other man," said Jackson.

"But the *other?*" I persisted.

"Oh, hang it, there *is* no other! Come, are you ready?"

Was it only my imagination? I could not tell; but it seemed to me as if he asked me this question in a tone such as I should suppose a hangman—or rather, say some brutal executioner of the time of Robespierre—would use in addressing his victim. But I made no remark, and got into the car. The grapnels were let loose, and the balloon shot up like a rocket.

"Good God!" cried one of the attendants, looking up after us, "who ever see a balloon tear up like that afore!"

The world was sinking away under us with appalling rapidity. Professor Jackson was already untying the string from the neck of the first sandbag, to empty its contents and increase our rate of speed. Out tumbled the sand, and almost instantly sank into invisibility. Jackson threw the bag after its contents.

"Why do you waste your bags that way, Jackson?" said I.

"It don't signify," he muttered. "I sha'n't want 'em any more."

I began to watch his movements with a deep and fascinating interest. He was immediately clawing at the neck of another bag, which followed its predecessor. My head swam with dizziness, occasioned by the motion of the balloon.

"How high do we go, Professor Jackson, before we begin to move in a decided current?"

"We sail in no currents this day, my friend," he answered, in a gruff tone, still untying the sandbag with feverish eagerness. "We are going *up*."

"Up?" I whispered, a dark fear stealing over me.

"Ay, up!"

"How high up?"

"To the moon—to the blue blazes—to any where!" he shouted, as he stood erect in the car, and hurled the last bag out without emptying it of its contents, impatient of his nervous fingers.

"Are you mad?" I cried.

"Mad? No, I'm not a bit mad."

"I have gone high enough. Let us go down."

"Look here, Brown. You've no doubt read a cock-and-bull story about a mad aeronant, and how he tried to throw his fellow-passenger out of the car. Now, don't turn pale like a great ninny! I tell you I'm as sane as you are, or as any body is. I'm not going to throw you out to lighten the car."

"For God's sake let us go down!"

"I'm not even going to throw any of these bottles or baskets out. I tell you I'm perfectly sane; and I'm going to keep these things here to provision us on our long voyage—for though we're now going up at the rate of a mile a minute, it'll *be* a long voyage—"

"In what direction?" I again interjected.

"Up! up! And I'm going to keep you in the car for companionship sake. I had a reason for preferring you to the *Tribune* man, who was going with me first: you married Christine Bell. I wanted her myself, and I swore, years ago, that whoever got her I would take him away from her somehow. That's all there is about it, old Browny—so make yourself comfortable, since you can't get out. You have seen the last of old mother earth; those clouds below us there have shut it from sight forever. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, with intense glee, leaning over the side of the car and rubbing his lean, yellow hands briskly, "this is glorious, isn't it? Let's have a bottle open. Where's that beastly cork-screw? Much good *that*'ll do you, my friend!"

The last remark was elicited by a spring I made for the valve-rope, as he leaned over in search of the cork-screw. I caught the rope and pulled it. It broke and fell down in my hands.

"I cut the strands last night, my boy. I knew what you would be up to," said he.

I began to appreciate the dangers of my position in terrible earnest. Let me be calm and collect my thoughts. So highly rarefied was the thin atmosphere which we were cleaving with steady upward bound that even now I breathed with difficulty. How many minutes more would it probably be ere we reached a height where existence must end? Had I not heard, or read, or dreamed, of one in a like danger with this, who had clambered up the net-work of the balloon and opened the valve with his hands? It was a fearfully dangerous feat, but *some* effort I must make. I threw off my coat, though I was chilled through with sudden cold.

"What now?" cried Jackson. "You sha'n't do it! I'm as strong as two of you."

He seized me, as I was hastening to clamber up the ropes, and pulled me back.

"Let go!" I yelled. "I won't be murdered."

He only laughed sneeringly, but held me fast. I made a fierce struggle, and succeeded in getting high enough to touch the swollen monster overhead. Whipping out my pocket-knife, I opened it with the aid of my teeth, and plunged it into the canvas. To my horror, the seam thus opened ran high up the balloon. The gas escaped with a sound like the rushing of a whirlwind. The great globe collapsed like a pricked bubble; the canvas fell downward with a flapping noise; and the next moment we were falling through space with furious rapidity.

"Dog! Fool! What have you done?" cried Jackson, springing upon me and grasping me about the throat. "I was only trying to frighten you. You have ruined me!"

He glared at me for a few seconds with blood-shot eyes, and then threw me from him. I fell upon the floor of the car.

"I will *not* go down!" he screamed. "I will *not* go! Oh, fool that I was! Why did I not go up without you, you beastly coward? I am ruined—ruined!"

He looked down upon the white cloud-lake to which we were now steadily drawing nearer and nearer.

"Up! up! I must go up! I *will* go up!" And with a sudden spring he bounded upward from the car; then fell down, yelling and cursing.

The clouds were passed and the earth dawned upon my view. A current swept me aside, and I saw the madman no more. It was with great difficulty I clung to the careering car, but the ropes helped me. I whirled onward toward my death. I shall be mutilated beyond all recollection by the fall, I thought. Oh, what a ghastly fate!

Suddenly my eye fell upon the long, mysterious, canvas-covered package that I had observed when we left the earth. What it contained was still unknown to me. I hastily tore off the covering, and perceived the article within to be a something made of iron wires and oiled silk. Closer inspection showed me that it was a parachute. What a thrill of joy ran through me as I made this discovery!

It was the work of a minute to open it. There was a handle which shut in among the wires through a socket, and at the end of the handle was a strong oaken ring, capable of being grasped by the two hands. I grasped it so, and leaped from the car, repelling it with my foot as a swimmer repels the boat from which he springs into the flood; at the same instant I spread the broad parachute to the air.

For a moment it was doubtful whether the structure would sustain the pressure of the air underneath, so great was the momentum with which I was descending; and I looked up at its wide canopy over my head with terrible interest as I hung suspended below.

"Thank Heaven!" I cried; "it stands the test! I shall be saved!"

I was now, I judged, only something like a thousand feet above the earth, and descending with comparative slowness. I began to speculate upon the prospect before me. I scarcely hoped to escape uninjured; but a broken leg was a mere *bagatelle* to contemplate after the perils with which I had been menaced.

My hands began to feel terribly the strain upon them. God give me strength to hold out to the last! A grating sound overhead startled me and I looked up. To my horror I saw the handle by which I clung slip out of the socket! The parachute paused in the air and I fell down, down, faster and faster each moment. Unable to endure the agony of sight I closed my eyes and awaited the inevitable death before me.

* * * * * *

A frightful jar that seemed to wrench every bone in my body.

I opened my eyes to find that I had evidently fallen down my own chimney, for here I was in my own bedchamber, and my darling Christine yawningly wanting to know, my dear, what was the matter; and had I fallen out of bed, dear; and why didn't I open the door for Bridget, who had been knocking this half hour.

It is due to the reader to state that this last remark was a feminine exaggeration, for Bridget had not been knocking for more than half a minute.

From that day to this I have never felt the faintest desire to make a detached ascension again. I have had quite enough of it. Nor have I since seen Professor Jackson, though I have heard that he was getting on comfortably in his business. He is quite welcome to his business with its precarious ups and downs.

BET'S MATCH-MAKING.

The only time I ever tried match-making in my life was when I was seventeen, and I then so burned my fingers over the business that I took care never to meddle with it again. I was living at the time with my step-mother on her farm near Ballymena. My father was dead, and my step-mother did not like me. She had placed me for a time with a milliner in the town, but finding it expensive supporting me apart from her, had taken me away again. She was thinking of a second marriage, though I did not know it at the time. But this I did know—that she had written to some distant friends of my father in America, who had unwillingly consented to take me off her hands.

I don't think it would have been half as hard for me to have made up my mind to die; for I was a shy little thing, without a bit of courage to deal with strangers, and my heart was fit to burst at the thought of leaving the very few friends whom I had to love, and my own little corner of the world, where the trees and the roads knew me. But I felt it would have to be done, and I lay awake all night after the letter arrived, trying to think how I should ever be brave enough to say good-by to my dear friend Gracie Byrne, and to Gracie's lover, Donnell M‘Donnell.

Gracie was the cleverest of all Miss Doran's apprentices. She was an orphan without a friend to look after her, and she was the loveliest girl in the country. People said she was proud and vain, but I never could think she was either. She and I loved one another dearly, though I can not think what attracted her to poor little plain me. She had plenty of admirers, and she queened it finely among them; but the only one to whom I would have given her with all my heart was Donnell M‘Donnell. And, oh dear! he was the very one whom she would not look at.

Donnell and I were great friends, and I had promised to do all I could to help him with Gracie. He was young and strong, and as bonny a man as could be seen. He had a fine farm, all his own, some three miles across country from my step-mother's place. If Gracie would but marry him she should live like a lady, and drive into Ballymena on her own jaunting-car. But she was always saying that she would go away to London, and be a great "West-End" milliner. This terrified me badly, seeing that London is such a wicked place.

My step-mother was always crying out that Gracie would come to a sorrowful end, which made me wild; and as I lay awake that wretched night I thought a great deal about what might happen to her if she went away to London by herself, and she so handsome, and not having a friend at all. And I wished with all my strength that she would marry Donnell M‘Donnell before I went away to America, which would ease my mind about her, and also about him. For I felt the greatest pity in the world for kind big Donnell's disappointment.

My step-mother was provoked at my sad face next day, and called me ungrateful. But when I cried bitterly she got a little kinder, and in the evening allowed me to go into Ballymena to see my friend Gracie. So toward sundown, when the snow was getting red upon the fences, I wrapped my shawl about me and set off for the town; sobbing loudly to ease my heart, all along the lonely road, where there was no one to hear me but the robins. The brown trees against the dusky red sky, the white swelling lines of the fields, the dark chimneys of the town on before me, were all blent in a dismal maze, when who should leap over a stile and stand beside me but Gracie's great lover, Donnell. I told him my eyes were only watering with the cold, and he turned and walked alongside of me for a good way, while we talked of Gracie of course. He was very angry at her, and said she was playing fast and loose with him, and making him the sport of the town and country. I took Gracie's part, and so we went on till we came to the last white gate on the road, and began to meet the townspeople. Then I told him I was going away, and he looked so vexed that I nearly cried again. I felt so glad to see him sorry.

"Well, little Bet," said he, "we must give you a good dance over in yon big farm-house of ours before you go. And, in the mean time—"

"I'll see to your business, Donnell," said I, smiling. "Never fear but I'll do your business to the last."

Then he shook my two hands till he nearly squeezed them into jelly, and left me.

When I went into Miss Doran's it was past the work hour, and the girls were putting on their bonnets to go away; Gracie only was sitting close to the candle, putting the flowers on a ball-dress for one of the county ladies. She having the nicest taste, had always the honor of giving the finishing touches to the most particular work. She looked very tired, but oh, so handsome, with her pale cheek against the yellow light, and her dark head bending over a mass of white and rose-color tulle.

"A bud here," said she, "and a spray there, and then I have done. You'll come home with me and sleep. That cross step-mother of yours won't see you again to-night."

"Don't talk that way, Gracie," said I; "but I came intending to stay." And the work being finished we went home to her lodgings.

A lovely bunch of flowers was lying on her table, and she laughed and blushed, and looked beautiful when she saw it.

"Who is that from, Gracie?" said I. "Donnell?"

"No indeed," said she, tossing her head. But I was sure that was a fib, for she looked as happy as possible, lying resting herself in her arm-chair beside the fire while I set out the tea-things. She looking so glad, and the shabby room looking so snug, and our little tea-drinking being so cozy, I could not bear to tell her the bad news now, and began to set about Donnell's business.

"Gracie," said I, "I wish you would marry Donnell soon."

"Soon?" said she, opening her eyes and looking at me angrily. "I'll never marry him!"

"But you know, Gracie," said I, getting hot about it, "that you ought to marry him. He says—that is, I know—you have made him the laughing-stock of the country, and—"

"Very fine!" cried she. "And so he has been complaining to you, has he?"

"I did not say that," said I; "but oh, Gracie, I know you like some one. I saw you smiling over a letter the other day, just the way you are smiling now."

"And what if I do?" said she, laughing and tossing her head; "that does not prove that it must be Donnell."

"There is no one else so good," said I, eagerly. "It could not be any one else."

"'Pon my word," said she, staring at me, "I think you had better go and marry him yourself."

"I? Oh Gracie!" said I, starting up and sitting down again, and beginning to cry, "I wanted to tell you that I am going to America."

You may be sure we talked no more about Donnell that night.

Donnell did not fail to keep his word about giving me a feast before I left the country. He invited three pipers to play, and half the country-side to dance. Gracie and I met at the cross-roads, and walked over to the farm together, she bringing a troop of beaux with her from the town. The farm is a dear old place, with orchard trees growing up round the house, and it looked so homely that frosty night. Donnell's mother met us at the door, and unpinned our shawls in her own room. Gracie looked beautiful, in a pretty new dress and bright ribbon. Donnell's mother stroked my hair with her hand, and stuck a bit of holly in the front of my black frock. She kept me with her after Gracie had gone down stairs, holding my hand, and asking me about my going to America. And the place felt so safe and warm, and she was so kind and motherly, after what I was accustomed to at home, that my heart got so sore I could scarcely bear it.

We had a great tea-drinking in the parlor, and then we went out to the kitchen, and the pipers fell to work, and Gracie was as amiable as possible to Donnell. But just in the middle of our dancing the latch of the back-door was lifted, and Squire Hannan walked in in his top-boots.

"I wanted to speak to you on business, M‘Donnell," he said, "but I will not disturb you now."

"Will you do us the honor of joining us, Sir?" said Donnell. Squire Hannan needed no second invitation. He was soon making his bow before Gracie, and Donnell saw no more of her smiles that night. She danced with the squire till it was time to go home, and then, after she had set out for the town, escorted by him and her other beaux, Donnell's mother kissed me, and Donnell drew my arm through his, and walked home with me across the snowy fields to my step-mother's house. He was abusing Gracie all the way, and I was, as usual, taking her part.

He came to see me one day soon after, and brought me a basket of lovely winter pears. He leaned against the wall and watched me making the butter. He was disgusted with Gracie, he said; she was a flirt, and he did not care a pin about her, only he would not be made a fool of. She had refused to let him walk with her across the hills next Sunday to the consecration of the new church; and if he did not get some token that she had changed her mind between that and this he would never, he swore, look her way again, but go and marry some one else for spite.

"Oh no, Donnell," said I; "promise me you won't do that." For I was sure that Gracie liked him all the while.

"But I will," said he, smiling; "at least if other people will have me."

"Oh, don't, don't!" said I. But he would not promise.

"It's my mind," said my step-mother, after he had gone, "that yon lad's more like a lover of yours than hers. Why don't you catch him, and then you needn't go to America."

"Mother!" I cried, and felt the room spinning round with me till I caught and held on by the door.

"Well, well," she said, "you needn't look so mad. Many a girl 'd be glad of him."

I thought a great deal about how he had sworn that he would marry some one else if he did not hear from Gracie before Sunday. "I'm sure she likes him," I thought; "she can not help it. She must have seen how mean even Squire Hannan looked beside him the other night. And it would be a most dreadful thing if he was married to some one he did not care about, and if she went off to London, with a broken heart, to be a 'West-end' milliner." I thought about it and thought about it. There was no use going to Gracie, for she would only laugh and mock at me. All at once a bright idea came in my head.

I was afraid to think of what I was going to do; but that night, when my step-mother had gone to bed, leaving me to finish spinning some wool, I got out a sheet of paper and a little note of Gracie's which I had in my work-box, and began to imitate Gracie's handwriting. I had not much trouble, for we wrote nearly alike; and afterward I composed a little letter:

"Dear Mr. M‘Donnell"—it said—"I have changed my mind, and will be very glad if you will join me on the road to the consecration on Sunday.

"Yours sincerely, Grace Byrne."

"What harm can it do to send it?" thought I, trembling all the while. I folded it up and put it in an envelope directed to Mr. Donnell M‘Donnell, The Buckey Farm. "And it may do such a great deal of good! In the first place, it will prevent his marrying for spite before Sunday, and then she will be so glad to see him coming, in spite of her crossness, that she will be quite kind to him. He is always so stiff and proud when she treats him badly that I am sure it makes her worse. She will never find out that he got any letter—not, at least, till they are quite good friends—married, perhaps—and then they will both thank me."

So the next evening, about dusk, I slipped quietly into the town and posted my letter. I was dreadfully afraid of meeting Donnell or Gracie; but I saw no one I knew. I dropped the note in the letter-box and rushed off toward home again at full speed. I ran nearly all the way; the snowy roads were slippery in the evening frost, and near our house I fell and hurt my foot. A neighbor found me leaning against the stile and brought me home. I was to have sailed for America the very next week, but now I was laid up with a sprained ankle, and my departure was put off.

On Sunday evening a neighbor woman who had been at the consecration came in to tell us the news: This one had been there of course, and that one had been there for a wonder. Gracie Byrne had been there in a fine new bonnet (the girl was going to the mischief with dress), and Squire Hannan had been there, and given her the flower out of his button-hole.

"And Donnell M‘Donnell was with her, of course?" said I.

"Ay, 'deed you may swear it," said the woman. "That'll be a match before long. He walked home with her to the town, and her smilin' at him like the first of June!"

"They'll be married before I go away," said I to myself; and I leaned back into my corner, for the pain of my foot sickened me.

Donnell's mother brought me a custard and some apples the next day.

"Donnell's gone to the Glens, my dear," said she, "or he would ha' been over this mornin' to see you. He went before we heard of your foot, and he won't be home for a week."

"What's he doin' there?" asked my step-mother.

"He has land there, you know," said Donnell's mother, "and he goes whiles to settle his affairs with them that has charge of it. I don't know rightly what he's gone about now. Something has went again him lately, for he's not like himself those few days back. He said somethin' about goin' to be married when he came home, but if he is, it's not afther his heart; for I never saw a bridegroom so glum on the head of it. Bet, dear, I thought it was you he liked."

"So he does, Mrs. M‘Donnell," said I, "but not that way—not for his wife."

"Well, well, my dear!" said Donnell's mother, wiping her eyes.

Every body was coming to see me now on account of my foot. Gracie came the next day or so, and surely I was amazed at the glory of her dress! My step-mother, who did not like her, left us alone together, and Gracie's news came out. She was going to be married on next Tuesday.

"I know that," said I.

"How do you know it?" said she.

"Donnell's mother told me."

"Donnell's mother! Nothing but Donnell and Donnell's mother from you forever! How should she know?"

"Oh, Gracie, his own—"

"Why," she burst in, "you don't imagine that *he's* the man? Why, it's Squire Hannan! Only think, Bet, of your Gracie being the Squire's lady!"

I was quite confounded. "Oh, oh, Gracie!" I stammered.

"Well," said she, sulking, "are you not glad?"

"Oh yes," I said, "very, on your account; but what will become of Donnell?"

"Donnell again. Now listen to me, Bet. I know when a man likes me, and when he doesn't like me, just as well as any other girl; and I've seen this many a day, that Donnell didn't care a pin about me. Not he. He only wanted me to marry him that the people might not say I jilted him. I told him that the other day, when he asked me to have him. 'No matter what I want you for,' said he; 'I want you.' 'Thank you,' said I. And then what had he the impudence to say! If I changed my mind before Sunday I was to send him word that he might come to the consecration with me. Then he would set off for the Glens on Monday, and settle some business there, and be home for our wedding in a week!"

I screamed out, seeing what I had done.

"The poor foot!" cried Gracie, thinking I was in pain. "Is it bad?"

"Never mind it!" said I. "And what did you say?"

"I said," Gracie went on, "that whatever morning he got up and saw black snow on the ground, that day he might look for a message from me. And yet he had the meanness to walk with me on Sunday after all. And the best fun of it is, that they say he's gone to the Glens."

"Oh, oh!" said I, beginning to groan again, and pretending it was all my foot. After that Gracie talked about herself and Squire Hannan until she went away. And somehow I never had felt as little sorry to part with her before. She seemed not to be my *own* Gracie any longer.

And now I was nearly out of my senses, thinking what mischief might come of my meddling. I was sure that Donnell and Squire Hannan would fight and kill one another, and all through me. I thought I would give all I had in the world to see Donnell before any one else had told him the news, and confess to him what I had done. On Tuesday, about mid-day, a countryman from the Glens came in to light his pipe, and he said he had passed M‘Donnell, of Buckey Farm, on the way.

"An' I think things must be goin' badly with him," said he, "for he has a look on his face as black as the potato blight."

"Somebody has told him, maybe!" said I to myself. And I put on my shawl, and, borrowing a stick from an old neighbor, I hobbled off secretly up the road toward the Glens. I soon got tired and dreadfully cold, as I could not walk fast, and I sat down on a bit of an old gray bridge to watch for Donnell coming past. At last he came thundering along, and although it was getting dusk I could see that he had his head down, and looked dreadfully dark and unhappy.

"Donnell!" said I, calling out to him.

"Who's that?" he said. "Why, it's never little Bet!"

"But indeed it is," said I. "Oh, Donnell, did you hear? I came to tell you. Gracie was married this morning to Squire Hannan."

"Whew!" He gave a long whistle. "The jilt!" said he, and he snapped his fingers. But his whole face brightened up.

"She's not so much a jilt as you think, Donnell," said I, "for—oh, how can I ever tell you!—it was I who wrote you the note you got last week, and she had nothing to do with it. I did it for the best, I did indeed, for I thought that Gracie liked you; I did indeed! And oh, Donnell, sure you won't go and kill Squire Hannan?"

"Won't I," said he, looking awfully savage. "I cut a great blackthorn this morning in the Glens for no other purpose but to beat out his brains."

I gave a great scream, and, dropping my stick, fell along with it; but Donnell picked me up, and set me safe on his horse behind him.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you what it is, little Bet. I'll make a bargain. You'll marry me, and I won't touch Squire Hannan."

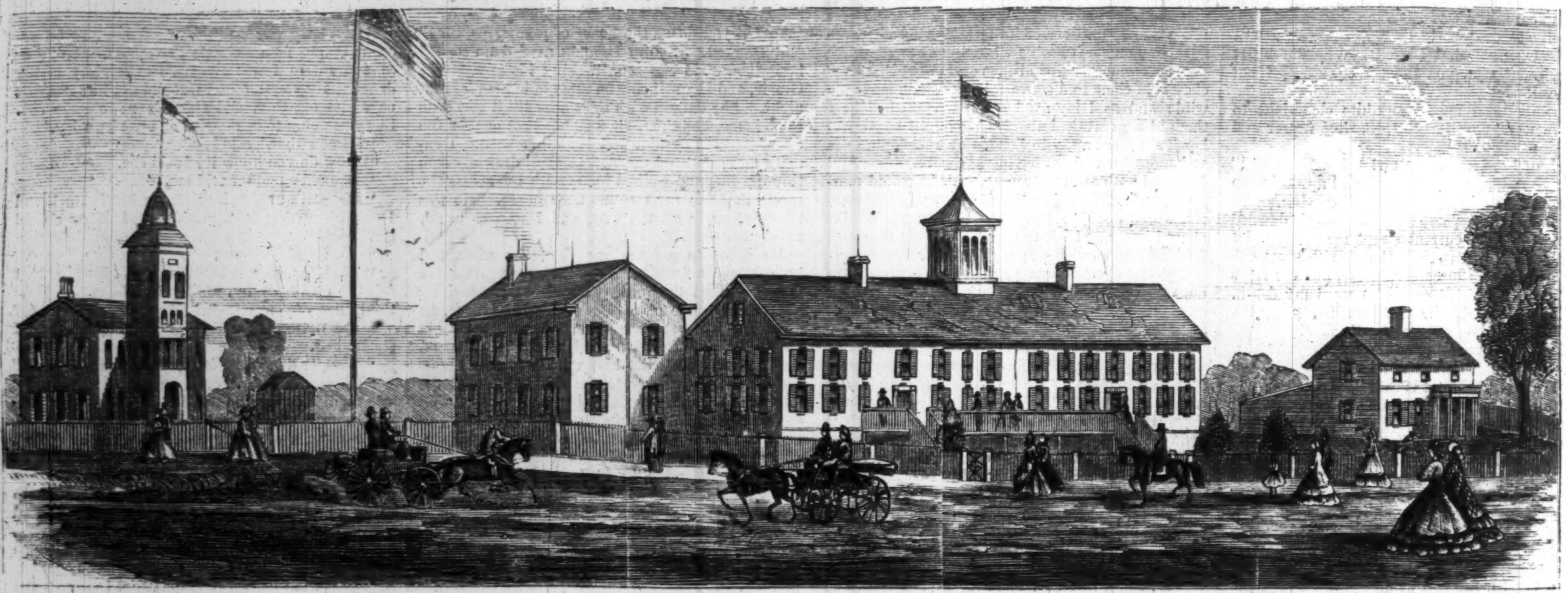
"I marry you?" cried I, "after—after Gracie. Indeed I will not, Donnell M‘Donnell."

"I've behaved badly," said he, "but I'm very sorry. It's long since I liked you better than Gracie, but the devil of pride was in me, and the people were saying she would jilt me. When I got your bit of a note I felt as if I was goin' to be hung. God bless Squire Hannan! Now will you marry me, little Bet?"

"No," said I. And with that he whipped up his horse, and dashed off with me at the speed of a hunt. He never drew rein till the horse stopped at the dear Buckey Farm house door, when he carried me straight into the bright warm kitchen where his mother had the tea set out, and the cakes smoking ready for his return.

"Talk her into reason," said he, putting me into his mother's arms. "I want her to marry me, and she says she won't."

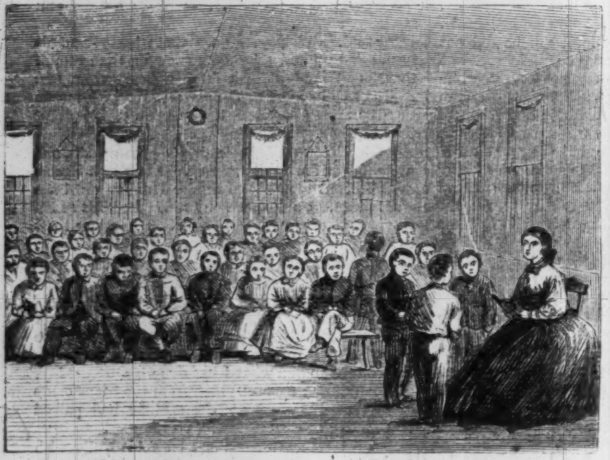
I did my best to keep sulky for a proper length of time, but it was the hardest thing I ever tried to do, and they both so kind, and the place so bright and cozy, and I being so happy on the sly all the time! So the end of it was that I did not go to America, and that I am Mrs. M‘Donnell, of the Buckey Farm. But I never tried match-making again.



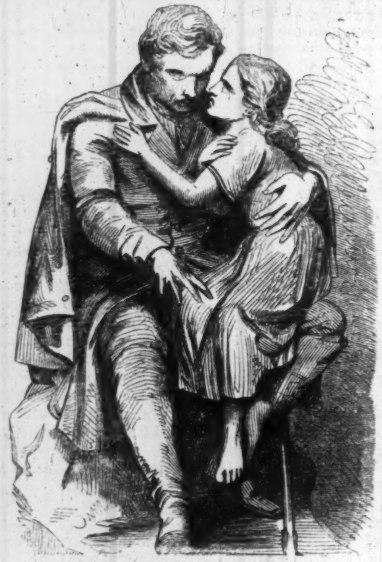
FITCH'S HOME FOR SOLDIERS AND ORPHANS AT DARIEN, CONNECTICUT.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

SOLDIERS' AND ORPHANS' HOME AT DARIEN.

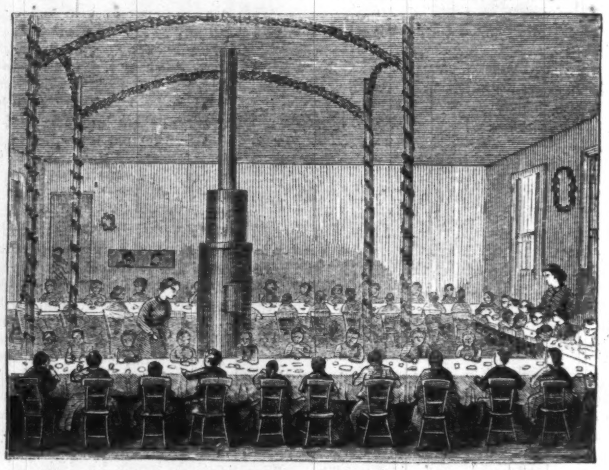
WE illustrate on this page the Home for Disabled Soldiers and the Orphan Children of such as have died in military service in defense of the country, which, by the munificence of Mr. BENJAMIN FITCH, has been erected at Darien, Connecticut. From the beginning of the war Mr. FITCH has been interested in the cause for which our two millions of patriot soldiers have so bravely fought. At the first outbreak of rebellion, too old and infirm himself to shoulder the musket, and appreciating the tender anxiety of those who by going to the field must leave behind them wives and children, whom they might be leaving forever, Mr.



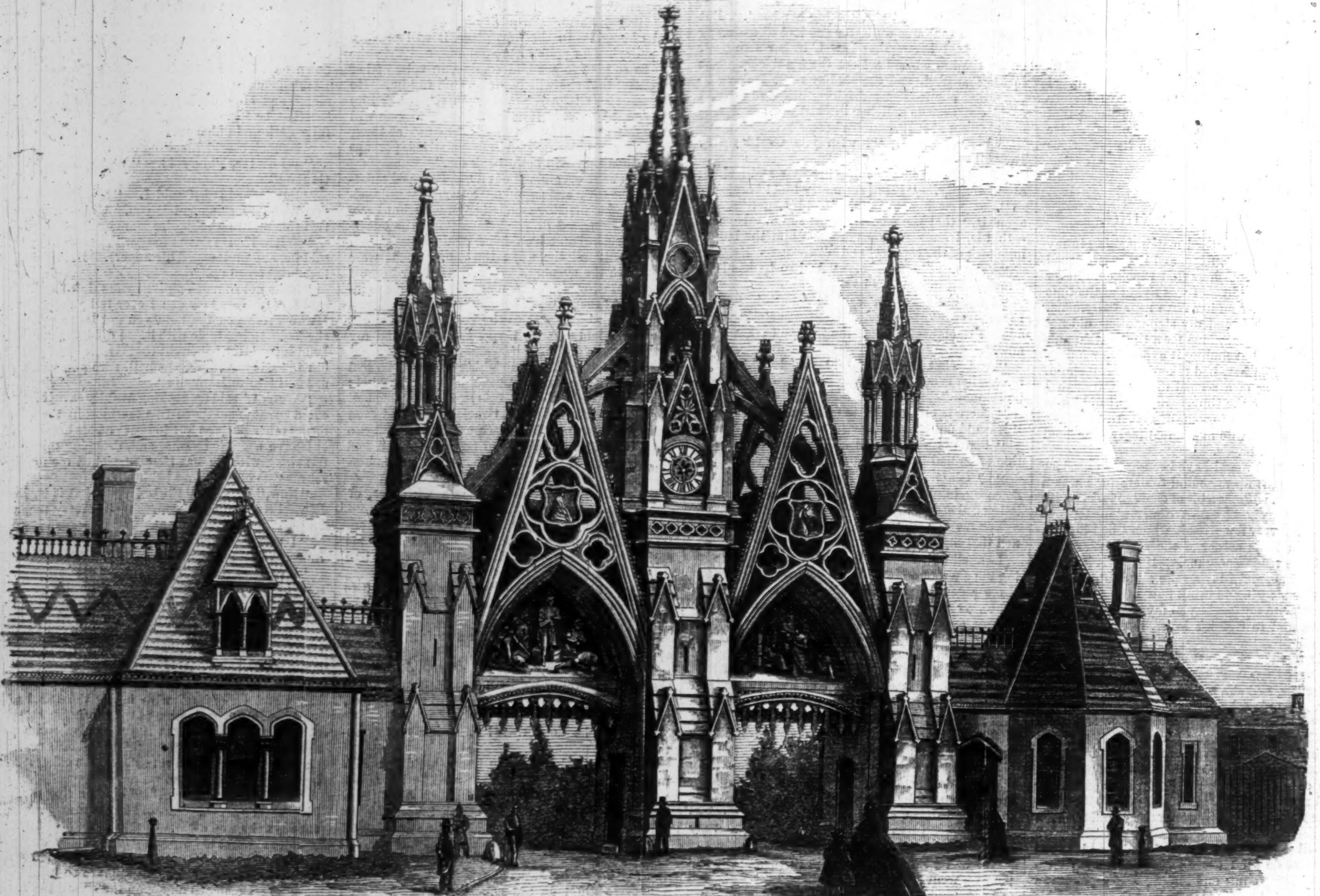
FITCH'S HOME—SCHOOL-ROOM.



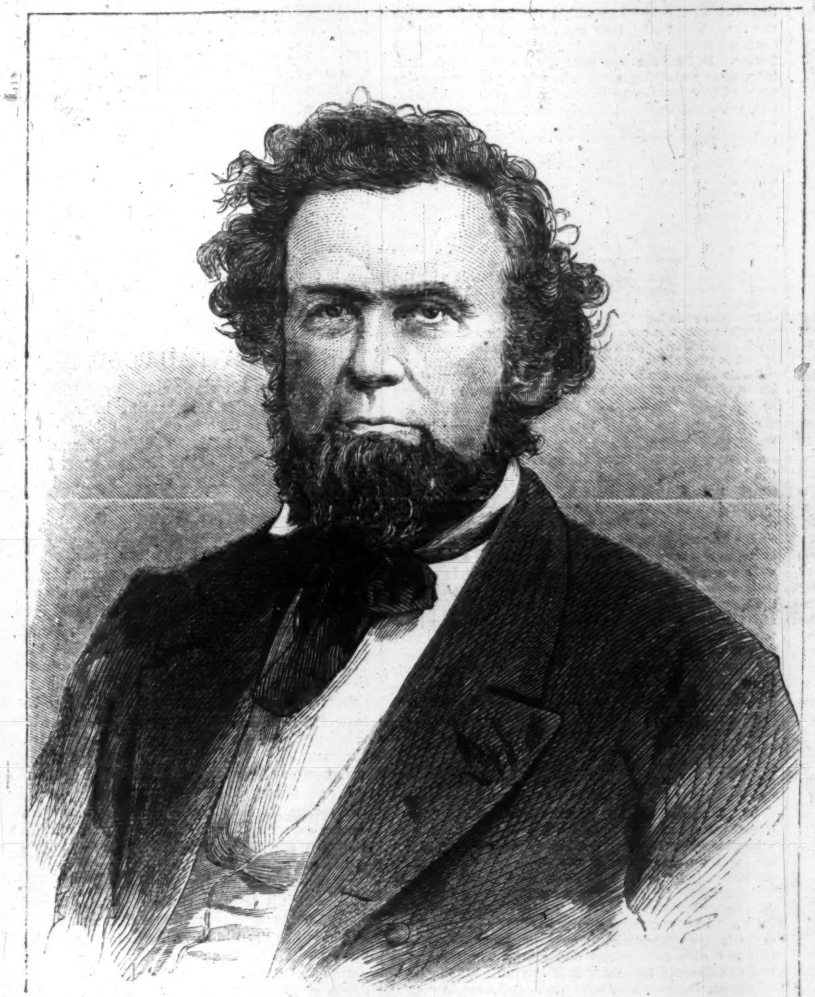
"THE RETURNED SOLDIER."



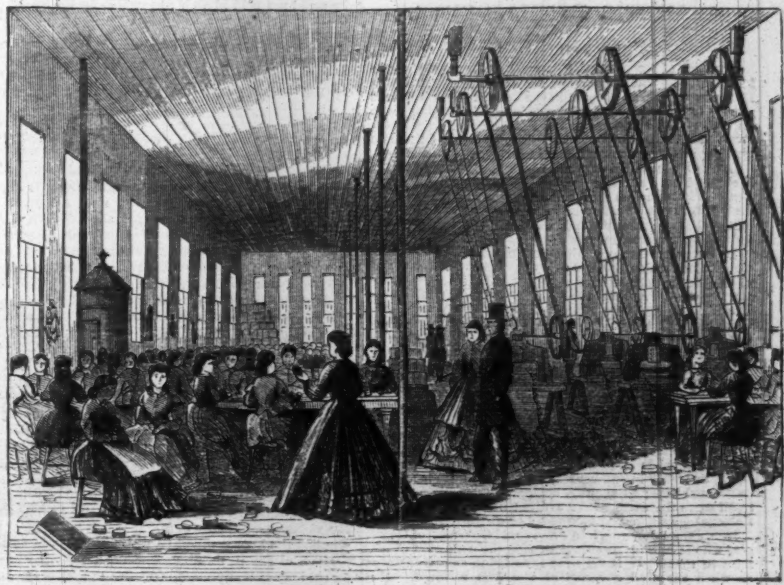
FITCH'S HOME—DINING-ROOM.



ENTRANCE TO GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, L. I.—[SEE PAGE 170.]



HON. FRANCIS H. PIERPONT.—[See Page 174.]



THE COLLAR MANUFACTORY OF THE METROPOLITAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Fitch promised a large number of men to take under his care all who should be left by them thus without a husband and father's protection. The continuance of the war, and the increasing casualties attending it, soon led Mr. Fitch to see that nothing less than a well-organized Asylum would answer the wants thus created. He therefore, during the spring of 1864, totally unaided by others, purchased and erected suitable buildings, and formally instituted the Asylum since known as "Fitch's Home for Disabled Soldiers and Orphans of Soldiers who have lost their Lives in Defense of the Nation."

Mr. Benjamin Fitch, the founder of this Institution, after giving the building and grounds now occupied, worth originally $8000 or $10,000, placed in the hands of the trustees $5000 to be invested as a permanent fund, and $5000 to be expended in making repairs on the building, and in erecting a wing containing a kitchen, dining-room, and a beautiful hall for the use of the institution. He then went to Europe for a season, and on his return presented to the trustees a library consisting of from 5000 to 6000 volumes of choice books which he had collected, and placed at their disposal the sum of $10,000, the estimated cost of the new building.

While in England and on the Continent, with the interest of the soldiers' orphans ever in mind, Mr. Fitch obtained from those with whom he came in contact, and who had the welfare of the country at heart, both American and foreigners, such aid in books, statuary, and paintings as would adorn the home, beautify the life, or instruct the mind of his increasing family of orphans and disabled soldiers at home.

On Mr. Fitch's visit to Italy he called upon Mr. Powers, the celebrated American sculptor, who generously presented the Institution with a bust of Franklin, executed in Carara marble, of great beauty and worth. He also received donations of pictures from the celebrated artists Conti and Costa, of Florence, with others of value; and a picture of the Birth of Christ, given by Mrs. Anstice, a widow of an English officer who fell in India. All these works of art were shipped to this country, and unfortunately destroyed in the conflagration of a bonded warehouse in this city in September last, soon after their arrival, proving a great loss to the Institution, no insurance having been effected.

In addition to the foregoing Mr. Powers introduced Mr. Fitch to Mr. Larkin G. Meade, Jun., a young American artist of great worth, and engaged with him to furnish a group of statuary, in marble, called the "Returned Soldier," of the heroic, or larger than life-size, of which we give an illustration. A letter from Florence thus describes this work of art:

"The group of statuary represents the Returned Soldier, with an Orphan Child of a fellow-soldier on his knee, to whom he is describing the death of her father on the battle-field, who with his parting breath commissioned him to call upon his family and give them his last dying message. The young orphan, in the interest of the description and with her feelings intensely agitated, presses her face close to that of the narrator, and, with her thoughts completely absorbed, seems to see her dying father expiring on the foughten field. The emotions of each are expressed with good effect by Mr. Meade, whose experience in the early part of the war, has not been lost upon him."

It is our duty to Mr. Meade here to say that, on being informed by Mr. Fitch for what purpose the group was intended, he would only accept 1000 francs, which he says will hardly cover the cost of its production, thereby foregoing any profit to himself.

In concluding this notice of Mr. Fitch's benevolent donation, it will not be out of place to suggest that in every town throughout the country there should be a similar effort made in behalf of disabled soldiers and the children of those who have been killed in battle.

THE METROPOLITAN COLLAR COMPANY.

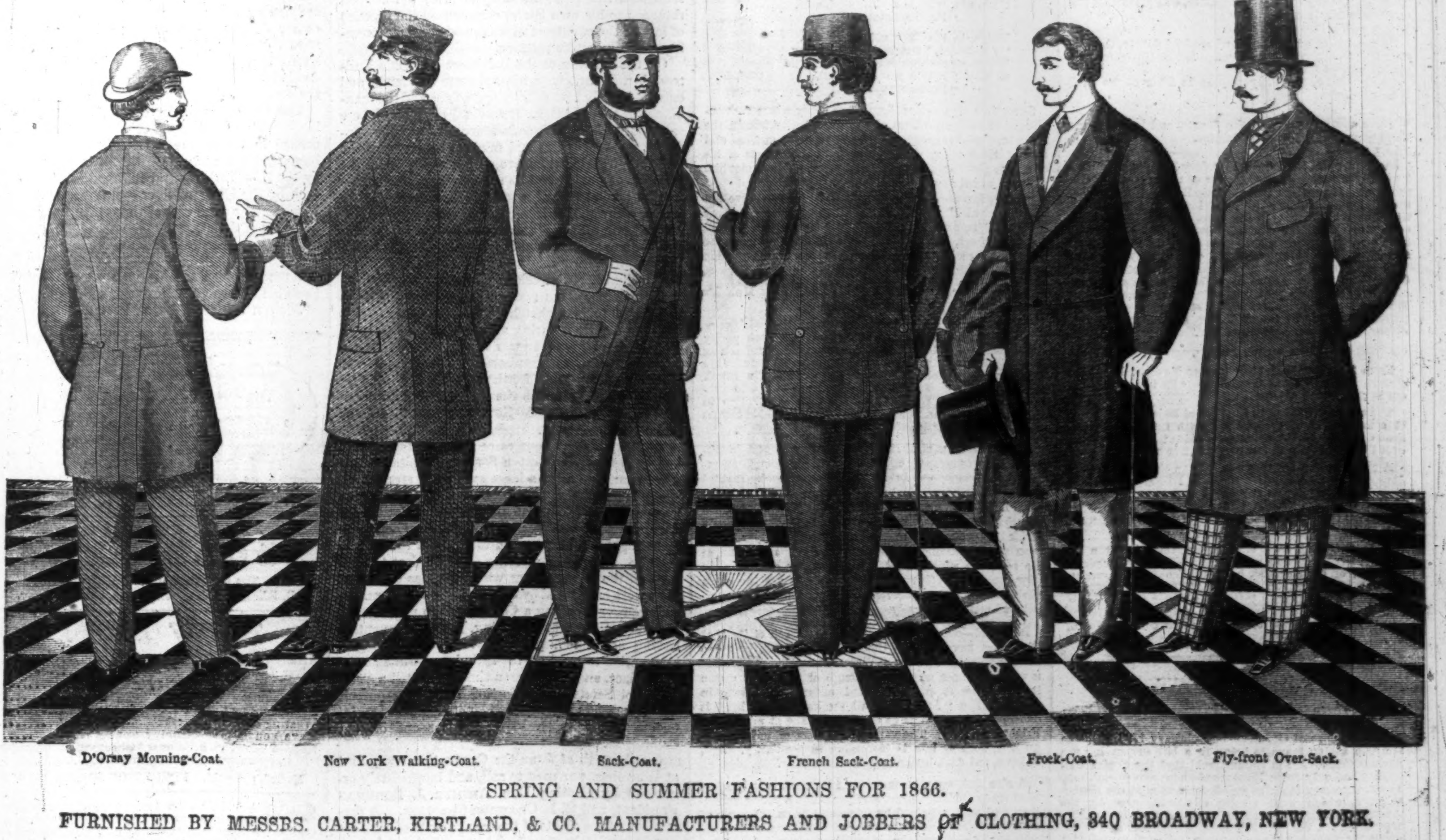
We give on this page an illustration of the Paper Collar Manufactory of the Metropolitan Company of this city. The machine used in this manufactory, and of which Mr. D. M. Smyth is patentee, is one of the most wonderful and curious inventions of the day. Three peculiarities distinguish this machine above all others in use.

1. *Its simplicity.*—What by all other processes requires half a dozen distinct and separate operations is here accomplished by one. A single stroke of the die produces a perfect collar, button-holed, stamped, and moulded. All that is done afterward is merely incidental. The collar is turned by a simple machine, and by another is, with nine of its companions, folded for the box. This latter process is in every other manufactory performed by hand. The small number of hands through which the collar passes also prevents it from becoming soiled.

2. *Its wonderful capacity.*—From our own observation we know that this machine produced two collars per second. The eleven machines which the Company have in operation produce 22 collars per second, 1320 per minute, 79,200 per hour, and 1,900,800 every twenty-four hours. Three hundred machines would supply almost every man, woman, and child in the United States with one collar per day.

3. *Its economy of labor and material.*—The eleven machines in operation save the work of 396 hands. More than 19 per cent. is saved of the paper which in every other process is wasted.

The Metropolitan Collar Company, whose place of business is 165 Washington Street, has a capital of $500,000. It manufactures collars of seventeen distinct varieties, many of them superior to any in the market, and none of them surpassed, and at a very much reduced cost of production, which enables the Company to defy competition.



D'Orsay Morning-Coat. New York Walking-Coat. Sack-Coat. French Sack-Coat. Frock-Coat. Fly-front Over-Sack.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1866.

FURNISHED BY MESSRS. CARTER, KIRTLAND, & CO. MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, 340 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE work of reconstruction does not make rapid advance in Congress. The concurrent resolution adopted in the House has also been adopted in the Senate. This amounts merely to an expression of the opinion of Congress as to its own rights in regard to the admission of representatives. It can not even be called legislation. Otherwise nothing has been accomplished in Congress.

In the States there is some progress. The meeting in Richmond on February 28 strongly supported the President. The principal speech on that occasion was made by Judge M. F. Conway, formerly a representative from Kansas, and also formerly a radical. This speech advocated immediate restoration.

In Texas great progress has been made. The Constitutional Convention met February 8. On the 9th seventy of the ninety delegates were present. J. W. Throckmorton presided. Among the delegates was Mr. Roberts, President of the Secession Convention, who seems to have forgotten that there has been a war. He with about a dozen others objected strongly to taking the oath to support the Constitution, but were finally compelled to yield to the large Union majority. On the 10th Governor Hamilton's Message was received. The Governor did not put any gloss upon the rebellion. The rebels, he said, had defied the Government, and had been crushed. He advised the Convention to give to negroes civil rights and privileges. This advice was followed. The Constitution of Texas, so far as could be done by the Convention, has been amended so as to allow the freedmen to sue and be sued; to testify in the courts; to make contracts and be contracted with; to acquire, hold, and transmit property in all cases the same as the whites; and to be subject to no penal laws based on inequality or distinction.

Hon. James Johnson, late Provisional Governor of Georgia, who is now in Washington, says the condition of affairs in that State is very far from being as satisfactory as when the civil government was first restored. He speaks of the Freedmen's Bureau as an absolute necessity, both for the Union men and the blacks, and that it is very important that more troops be sent into the State at once.

CONGRESS.

February 27:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner introduced a resolution which was adopted, that whereas the President had not responded to the resolution of inquiry in regard to Provisional Governors, adopted January 5, he be requested to furnish the required information if not incompatible with the public interest.—The concurrent resolution for the exclusion of Southern representatives was then taken up. Mr. Dixon spoke against the resolution. He sustained the President's position. Mr. Dixon claimed that each House had exclusive jurisdiction over its own members. The President's policy, he said, had been misrepresented. He was supposed by many to urge the admission of disloyal men from the rebel States to the two Houses of Congress; he had been charged with a purpose to bring into their former places in this body bloody-handed rebels; he was said to wish to throw wide open the doors of Congress and fill those seats with traitors, fresh from the battle-fields of the rebellion. These suppositions and statements were in direct contradiction to the President's published statements.

In the House, the Constitutional Amendment giving Congress power to secure the rights of citizens in the States was taken up. Mr. Higby supported the measure, as strengthening the Government. Mr. Randall opposed it, because the Southern States were not represented. Mr. Kelley said the right given in the amendment was involved in the original Constitution, but had been denied practically by our courts for eighty years. He was in favor of reasserting the right. Mr. Hale said he should vote against the amendment. He submitted that the proposed amendment was in effect a provision under which all State legislation in civil and criminal codes of procedure affecting the individual citizen was to be overridden, repealed, and abolished, and a law of Congress established in its place.

February 28:

In the Senate, Mr. Johnson presented the credentials of William F. Perry, Senator-elect from South Carolina. —Senator Nye spoke in favor of the concurrent resolution.

In the House, Mr. Davis spoke against the Constitutional Amendment. Mr. Woodbridge, of Vermont, supported it; as also did Mr. Bingham. The latter alluded to Secretary Seward's New York speech in terms of disparagement. On motion of Mr. Conklin further consideration of the amendment was postponed until the second Tuesday in April.

March 1:

In the Senate, the concurrent resolution was debated. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, argued that the States were sovereign powers. His speech was elaborate, going extensively into the relation between the General Government and the States.

In the House, the Senate bill protecting civil rights, as amended by the Judiciary Committee, was presented, and after some debate went over.

March 2:

In the Senate, after a long and spirited debate, the concurrent resolution was adopted. Mr. Doolittle made a speech against the resolution.

In the House, Mr. Thayer spoke in favor of the Civil Rights bill.

March 3:

There was no session of the Senate, and in the House there was no transaction of business.

March 5:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a joint resolution for the representation in Congress of the States lately in rebellion. It provides that they shall be entitled to representation upon their adoption of laws repealing all distinctions in civil rights on account of color, and upon their conferring the right of suffrage upon all colored men who have served in the army, who can read the Constitution, and who pay taxes on real or personal property.

In the House, Mr. Bingham, from the Reconstruction Committee, reported joint resolutions for the admission of Tennessee, which were read twice and recommitted.—Mr. Stevens offered a resolution of inquiry relative to persons pardoned by the Executive, and the amount and disposition made of confiscated land.

NEWS ITEMS.

From the West Indies intelligence is received that the cholera was abating at Guadeloupe, and had not broken out in the islands adjacent.

The evidence elicited in the trial of Major Gee, late rebel commandant of Saulsbury (North Carolina) Prison, shows that of 10,000 prisoners confined in that prison, over 5000 died from ill treatment in five months.

A great Fenian meeting was held on the 4th instant in Jones's Wood. A hundred thousand Irishmen are said to have been present, and as many dollars to have been subscribed to aid the cause. The meeting was held in direct opposition to the well-known wishes of Archbishop M'Closkey.

It is computed, from official data, that since the last Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, made on the 30th of October last, he has reduced the aggregate amount of the public debt $29,000,000, and has paid $29,000,000 of currency interest on Seven-Thirty bonds, and $30,000,000 coin interest on gold-bearing bonds, making an aggregate of currency and coin interest of $59,000,000 paid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FENIANISM.

IN the House of Commons on February 17, Sir George Grey, in asking leave to bring in a bill suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland, said that the Fenian conspiracy had only recently assumed its present proportions. It was necessary to strike an effective blow at the Fenian schemes, which were wholly discountenanced by the American Government. The loyalty of the British Army was beyond a doubt. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland earnestly requested the suspension of the act, saying that he could not hold himself responsible for the safety of the country if power was withheld from him. The bill was passed in both Houses.

On the 17th in Dublin over one hundred arrests of Fenians were made. The Government troops in Ireland were being more and more distributed among the small towns, thus creating a feeling of security.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE second month of that annual epidemic—*house-hunting*—has come. For eight weeks more we must expect it to rage with increasing intensity, until the great crisis comes, the first of May—or rather the thirtieth of April. Even at this stage of the disease anxious-looking individuals are often seen scanning the houses on each side of the street in search of the significant "bill." There are plenty of "bills"—but whichever side of the street the "house-hunter" happens to be walking the "bills" seem to happen on the opposite side. He strains his eyes to read without crossing: "**A HOUSE**"—in immense capitals—is all he can make out. Of course it is a "house"—he knew that before—but is it "For Sale" or "To Let?" and what is the price, and how can he get it? To find out any thing more than that it is a "House" he must cross the street, probably mount the steps, and very likely then ascertain that he must go down town for further information as to price. We suggest that it would be an incalculable saving of shoe-leather and temper to have different-colored bills on the houses that are for sale and those that are to let. It is very vexatious, when you are as tired as you can be, to be continually enticed half a block out of your way by the vision of a bill only to find that it is "For Sale" when you had the hope it might be "To Let."

Much of the panic about houses seems to be uncalled for; there are many more domiciles to let than is usually supposed. And though the rents are too high—unreasonably high—we have heard it stated many times within the last fortnight, and by those who have means of judging correctly, that rents will be lower before May. It is certain that there is a great deal of real estate in the market for sale which will undoubtedly be to let before long. The tide is moving slowly but surely "up town," where new buildings are beginning to show their fresh fronts more frequently than they have during the years of the war.

Apropos of "house-hunting" and "up town," we give for the reader's amusement the following parody on Longfellow's "Excelsior;" hoping, however, all will take warning from the fate of the "youth" therein mentioned:

"FURTHERUPTOWN."

Tired to death, but walking fast,
Along Broadway, one night, there passed
A youth, who bore a pretty nice
Umbrella, with this strange device,
"Furtheruptown!"

His anxious eyes and weary feet
Hunted the houses in each street;
And like a New-Year's fish-horn rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Furtheruptown!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Beyond, the spectral street-lamps shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Furtheruptown!"

"Try not that street," the old man said,
"A tenement house is just ahead—
A public school is by its side;"
Then loud that clarion voice replied,
"Furtheruptown!"

"Oh stay," the broker said, "and rest,
This brown-stone house will suit you best!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
Sadly he said, "The rent's too high;"
"Furtheruptown!"

"Beware the livery stable's smell,
Beware the engine-house as well!"
This was the agent's last good-night—
A voice replied, far out of sight,
"Furtheruptown!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The Central Park policemen stared,
Watching the gathering sunbeams there,
A voice rang through the startled air,
"Furtheruptown!"

By following up the unusual sound,
A dying traveler they found,
Still grasping his no longer nice
Umbrella, with the strange device,
"Furtheruptown!"

There, in the Reservoir, they say,
"*Drownded*," but beautiful, he lay,
While somewhere over Bloomingdale
A voice fell like a rocket's tail,
"Furtheruptown!"

Some time ago, before liberty was every where fashionable, a well-known friend of the slave made known the truth in Secession quarters, and was reported mobbed and killed. Soon after, while walking in the streets of his own city, glowing with health and vigor, a friend met him with the warm greeting:

"Why, Mr. B——, how do you do? So you were not killed after all?"

"Well," returned Mr. B——, placing his hands upon his broad chest, and throwing back his head, a little more erect than usual, "does *this* look like a resurrection body?"

An English review of "A Noble Life," Miss Mulock's last work, says:

"There is such a high moral tone about the writings of this authoress, the stories are related with such purity and delicacy of feeling, that they are positively refreshing to meet with in these days, when bigamy and murder are considered essential incidents to the success of a novel. It is a book which even strait-laced mothers who protest against novel reading may see with satisfaction in their daughter's hands, for therein are many noble lessons taught in an attractive manner."

At the marriage of Mr. P. T. Barnum's youngest daughter, which was recently celebrated in Bridgeport, Connecticut, the ceremony was in one particular original. Instead of pronouncing the bridal pair "man and wife," after the usual fashion, the officiating clergyman pronounced them "*husband* and wife," which, of course, is correct, and a decided improvement upon the form ordinarily adopted upon such occasions. It is also worthy of note that, at the reception which followed the marriage ceremony, no stimulants were offered to the guests, and yet the whole affair was a complete success. That fashion might well be followed more extensively.

It is said—we will not vouch for the truth of it—that the ladies have adopted the "Whirlpool" as the name for the substitute to the "Waterfall." The "Rivulet" is worn by those who have enough of their own grown hair to allow it to trail behind naturally, or hang in tresses. The "Frizzle" of all the hair on the head is denominated by sailors as the "Hurricane at sea, or the Fright on land." The variegated colors of hair so frequently worn of late is increasing in popularity. Red, auburn, and dark brown mingle extensively.

A nice little scrap of romance in Pennsylvania has just been made public. About fifty years ago a young gentleman and lady, supposed by friends to be on the verge of matrimony, separated for reasons best known to themselves. The young man subsequently married and lost three wives, the last one within the last eight or nine months. The young lady married and lived with her husband over fifty-three years, and raised a numerous family. During the last year her husband died. The lady, after remaining a widow nearly a year, accepted a proposal from her former suitor—he being about seventy-five years old, and she seventy-one—and they were recently married. The parties are living in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

An exchange gives the following prescription, which any affected with the disease specified may take, if they choose, provided they can mix it:

CURE FOR LOVE.—Take 12 ounces of dislike, 1 pound of resolution, 2 ounces of the powder of experience, 1 large sprig of time, 14 drams of the guilt of dishonor, 1 quart of the cooling water of consideration.

Set them on a gentle fire of love, sweeten it with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of melancholy.

Put it to your heart.

Cork it with the cork of a sound conscience, and there let it remain, and you will instantly find ease, and be restored to your right senses again.

These things are to be found of the apothecary, at the house of Understanding, next door to Reason, in Prudent Street, in the parish of Contentment.

Some of the English journals criticize with severity the "outrageous magnificence of dress" exhibited at the Palace of the Tuileries. The Empress herself appeared at the last ball in a dress which is praised for its *extreme* simplicity! It was of white tulle *pointillée d'or*, and ornamented with marine and aquatic plants. Her diadem of diamonds was surmounted by an enormous diamond star, while necklace, ear-rings, waistband, and shoulder-knots were all of diamonds. Various other adornments were conspicuously displayed. This *extremely simple* style of dress might not easily be followed by all! And the lady who at the Hôtel de Ville ball on the following night exhibited a diamond peacock on her head, with a tail descending to her neck, may be fairly said to have beaten the Empress with her own weapons.

The Italian ladies do not appear to be at all behind their Parisian sisters in the prevailing mania for outrageous finery. At the fancy ball given at Florence recently a lady is described as having achieved "the most absolute triumph of plastic beauty" by appearing in a simple skirt of white satin over a tight-fitting flesh-colored silk, such as is worn by ballet-dancers. A Hungarian lady, the youthful Countess Karsly, represented the Mer de Glace. Beneath a double veil of white and of blue tulle, by way of clouds, appeared the terrific undulations of the Mer de Glace, painted and woven on a white satin skirt. Sharp-pointed blocks of ice, bears, chamois, birds of prey, hunters—nothing characteristic was omitted. A very loose tunic, forming a train, depicted on the left side a mass of white and blue clouds, and on the right a resplendent sun darting rays of light. At the bottom of the white satin skirt a light silvered stuff simulated hoar-frost. The body of the dress was of white satin, cut in small pointed basques, trimmed with swan's-down and glass. The Countess's frosted hair was prevented from falling quite loose by crystal chains, while her head was framed, as it were, in swan's-down. It was fortunately a particularly mild evening, or such a costume would have sent all the other guests home with colds and rheumatism from simple association of ideas.

Somebody says: "There should be no question between man and wife as to property—and yet ladies make a dreadful use of the 'my.' 'My house, my servants, my garden,' and so forth. Every body knows this kind of lady, and also the kind of unhappy man who is blessed with her." This is very true, and the "meum and tuum" is often carried to an extent which is very offensive to good taste. A lady—unless she happens to live in Utah—has the right to say "my husband;" but she should think twice before she prefixes that pronoun to any other word.

GOVERNOR PIERPONT.

FRANCIS HARRISON PIERPONT, Governor of Virginia, was born in the county of Monongalia, Virginia, and is now about fifty years of age. He graduated at Alleghany College in the fall of 1839, and immediately occupied his time in teaching school and reading law. After a while he left his native county and went to Mississippi, where he resumed school-teaching, and the study of law; but he soon returned to his own State, commenced the practice of law in the county of Marion, and rose to a prominent and lucrative practice.

On the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mr. PIERPONT purchased some coal lands, and entered largely into mining operations and the manufacturing of fire-brick. It was in the pursuit of these callings that his mind was first turned toward the wonderful manufacturing and mineral resources of the State of Virginia, which are only now—through the downfall of slavery and its surrounding influences—for the first time actively engaging the attention of the world, and rapidly placing her in the very foremost rank among all the States of the Union.

The long and turbulent period comprised between the JOHN BROWN affair and the actual passing of the Ordinance of Secession in Virginia are too fresh in the memory of our readers, and can only be briefly alluded to in a sketch of this character. Suffice it to say that, during all that time, when to be considered a Union man was to confront all that can most deeply test the manhood of an individual—the risk of property and life, the overthrow of all that was loved and valued in the past, the scorn and hatred of life-long friends—Governor PIERPONT shone like a beacon of light.

At last the fatal hour came; the Southern heart had been fired, the Cotton States precipitated into revolution, and after a large amount of struggling, Virginia gave way, and the Ordinance of Secession was passed in Richmond by a large majority, the few prominent leaders against the movement being so unpopular that they had to fly from the city in disguise. A public meeting was called at Clarksburg on the 22d April, at which a series of resolutions were introduced by the Hon. JOHN S. CARLILE, and approved, calling a Convention to meet on the 11th day of May, at Wheeling. This Convention having assembled, passed a resolution calling a Convention to meet on the 11th day of June at the same place, and in the mean time appointed a Committee of Safety, consisting of five, whose duty it was to see that the State did not suffer in the interim. FRANCIS H. PIERPONT was one of that Committee.

On the 11th of June the Convention assembled at Wheeling, pursuant to call, and immediately organized by electing Hon. ARTHUR J. BOREMAN President, and G. L. CRANMER Secretary. A declaration of the rights of the loyal people of Virginia was immediately passed, and an ordinance adopted, providing for the appointment of a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Attorney-General, to act as provisional officers for six months, or until their successors should be elected and qualified. FRANCIS HARRISON PIERPONT was elected Governor—a station which he has since filled by re-election, until he came, by Presidential authority, to preside at the State capitol.

A great deal of Governor PIERPONT's popularity is due to his personal *physique* and manner. He has a frank, genial, honest-hearted way about him, amounting almost to joviality, that inspires sympathy and utmost confidence in his good-nature and integrity among all who come in contact with him. He is one of those men of whom one instinctively feels that if he has an enemy it can not be of *his* choosing.

THE ALBANY RAILROAD BRIDGE.

AFTER years of vexatious delays, caused by litigation with parties representing interests farther up the river, the work on this bridge was commenced in April, 1864. The first locomotive, the "Augustus Schell," of the Hudson River Railroad, crossed the bridge February 15, 1866, and the first passenger train on February 22.

The bridge proper (omitting the approaches, which in themselves are quite formidable) consists of two abutments and nineteen piers, making a total length of 2020 feet. The extreme length of the bridge is nearly a mile. The main channel of the river is crossed by four spans of 178 feet between the centres of the piers, on the plan known as "Howe's," and two draw spaces of 131¾ feet each. The remaining 14 spans over the shallow water on the east side, as also over the basin on the Albany side, are short spans ranging from 72 to 78 feet each, built on the same general plan. The trestle-work approach to the bridge in the city is about 1500 feet long.

Our view (from a photograph taken by CHURCHILL and DENNISON, for W. J. GIBSON) represents the bridge from the Albany Basin to the Eastern Shore, as seen from the large New York Central Railroad Elevator, which stands a few rods south of the bridge.

The drawbridge, including the iron turn-table upon which it rests, is entirely novel, planned specially for the locality, and the circumstances under which it has been built and will be operated. The piers and abutments are all founded on piles. In some cases the bed of the river was excavated to a depth of 10 or 12 feet, and within this space piles were driven to the hard bottom, sometimes as low as 33 feet. A heavy timber crib was then built around these piles of the dimensions of the proposed pier, resting on the bottom of the excavation, and reaching to within three feet below water-mark. This crib was then filled with concrete and floored with heavy timber, upon which the first stones of the masonry were laid. In other cases, after excavating as before, and driving the piles, the latter were sawed off, and a floating caisson, with a heavy timber floor, of the dimensions of the proposed pier, was anchored over the piles, and the masonry commenced in this caisson, which soon settled to its bearing on the heads of the piles, when the sides were removed by unscrewing some bolts, and floated away to serve elsewhere.

The piers are of cut limestone masonry, with rough faces, and are 30 feet in height above low-water, and have a width at the bottom of 9 feet, and at the top under the coping (which projects 9 inches on all sides) of 6½ feet. They are all built of heavy cut stone laid in cement.

The face stones are all cramped together by iron cramps, and, in addition, the two faces of the pier are tied together by iron bars at intervals on each course along the front, extending through the pier from side to side; and, still further to insure the strength of the masonry, the head stones are all dowled together with iron dowels—each stone to the stones both above and below.

The bridge has been constructed by "The Albany Bridge Company," constituted mainly of Directors in the different railroads centring at Albany, and it is understood that it is owned one half by the New York Central Railroad, and one quarter each by the Hudson River and Albany and Boston Roads. The total cost of the bridge has been over a million of dollars.

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[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography,*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

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20,000 Valuable Gifts, worth $98,300, will be presented to Ticket-Holders.

100,000 Tickets will be Sold.

1 Gift, in Greenbacks	$10,000
1 Gift, in 7.30 Bonds	5,000
1 Gift, Residence three miles from Chicago	5,000
9 Square Grand Pianos, 9 Gifts, $500 each	4,500
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, $250 each	12,500
50 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machines, $100 each	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 American Lever Silver Watches, $100 each	5,000
38 Gifts, 38 Silver Lever Watches, $50 each	1,900
5,000 Gifts, 5000 Turkey Morocco Gold Clasp Albums, $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4800 Clasp Albums, $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, $10,000 cash, $1 each	10,000
20,000 Gifts, Total Value of which	$98,300

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1st. The Prizes are a great deal more valuable.

2d. All of them are genuine gold and silver goods, the very best manufactured. The pianos and sewing-machines are all new, and the manufacturers' names are sufficient guarantee that they are surpassed by none.

3d. The manner in which it is drawn. Each ticket has its duplicate number: these are placed in a wheel and thoroughly mixed; a disinterested person (selected by the ticket-holders present at the concert) draws these duplicate numbers from the wheel; the first one drawn out gets the largest prize, the next one drawn out the next largest prize, and in like manner until all are drawn.

To enable us to give away the valuable prizes we first sell a sufficient number of tickets to insure us against loss. The prizes are then distributed in order as the duplicates are drawn—unlike all other gift sales, where you buy your ticket, and should you draw a large prize the proprietor makes a DEAD LOSS of the value you draw, and consequently you seldom if ever get any thing worth what your ticket cost you.

Don't throw your money away on valueless concerns, but send us your orders for tickets soon, if you would secure them, as the larger portion has been already sold. Every ticket is registered before being sent out—the number, name of party purchasing, and address—and all will be notified by mail of the result of drawing.

Tickets $1 each, or eleven for $10, sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp. BRIGGS, LEMON & CO., 144 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

P.S.—The above Concert will *positively* take place on the 28th. Parties at a distance sending us funds for tickets, should they all be sold, will have the money returned to them. BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.

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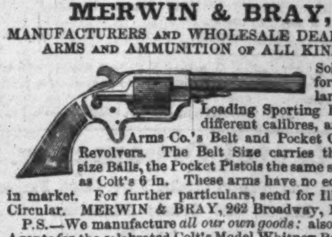

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